MILLENNIAL MILLIONS by Bernard DeVoto

The Saturday Review of Literature

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VARDIS FISHER

"At the time Mr. Vardis Fisher entered 'Children of God' in the Harper Prize Novel Contest which it has just won, I published my belief . . . that there would never be a good novel about the Mormons. That like Joseph's date for the end of the world, was bad prophecy." *(See page 4)*

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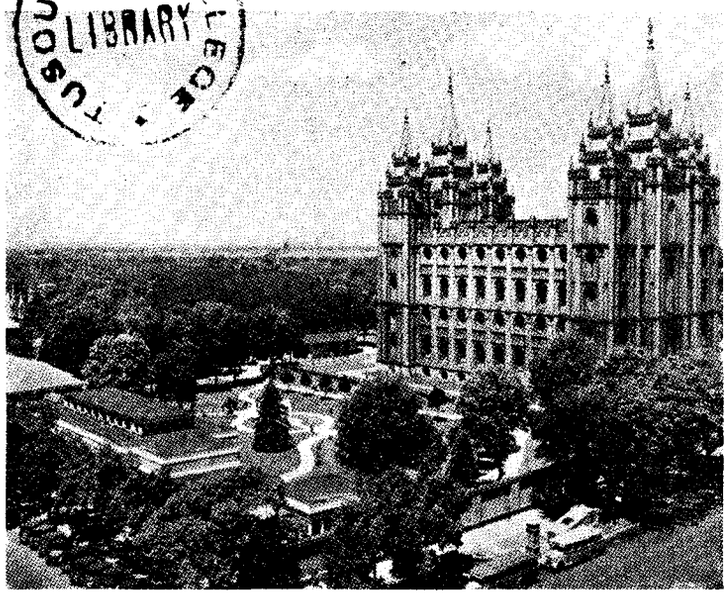
Millennial Millions

THE STORY OF THE MORMONS

BY BERNARD DEVOTO



Temple Square in Salt Lake City

IN April, 1830, a poor and almost illiterate young man named Joseph Smith, who for some years had claimed to be in communication with almighty God and with various angels, apostles, and other heavenly personages, announced that he had re-established, in central New York, the only true church, whose withdrawal from the earth in apostolic times had necessarily made all later Christians heretics. Three months later he published a book which purported to be a miraculously translated historical record of the discovery and colonization of the American continent, several centuries before Christ, by a branch of the true church that had migrated from Jerusalem, reared a civilization here, and then degenerated. This was the "Book of Mormon," a third Testament of greater authority than the other two since there were no errors in its translation, and it was one of the bases in prodigy of his church. His followers believed him to be a prophet; his neighbors and enemies regarded him as either a lying charlatan or a maniac. No matter; the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints grew rapidly.

As it grew it incorporated doctrines from most of the evangelical sects of the time—the time of the wildest religious excitement that the United States has ever known. Also it developed social, political, and economic practices, some of them adapted from the communistic experiments of the period and others forced on it by the opposition of its enemies, which brought it into steadily more serious conflict with American society. Its history during Smith's lifetime was one of periodic mob violence and included one voluntary withdrawal from Ohio, two expulsions from its property in Missouri, and the climactic guerilla warfare in Illinois which ended in the lynching of Smith and the withdrawal of the church under Brigham Young, with tremendous violence and suffering, across the uninhabited West to the valley of Great Salt Lake. There in the mountains Young, who had saved the church from dissolution after Smith's death, gave it an organization and unity it had not had before and, helped by the isolation of distance, made it secure. It grew rich, it grew powerful—and after Young died it grew much less revolutionary. It kept its persecution-begotten and martyrdom-sealed sense of religious brotherhood, but it lost most of its economic singularity. Its communistic elements were abandoned, its coöperative system declined into a caste system, and in short Mormonism became a Republican big business which found ways of capitalizing religious faith and energy precisely as any business capitalizes its assets. It had begun as the one way to salvation in the dwindling hours before Judgment Day, a fiery millennial vision, an instrument for the execution of God's will, a last security against His imminent wrath. It continued through many years as a defiance not only of American religious doctrines but of American social sanctions as well, existing as a consequence in a condition of dynamic hostility that was little short of organized revolt. But it came into our own times as something that differed only in its eccentricities from Methodism on the one hand and from a holding company on the other.

The story of the Mormons is one of the great stories of American history. It has everything: mobbing and martyrdom, lust and murder and the vision of eternal life, tenderness and brutality and the deepest faith, frenzy and despair and prophecy, the drive Westward that is the basic experience of the American race, humble folk, adventurers, criminals, traitors, villains, great men, men drunk on cruelty, men drunk on Godhead, great bravery, great suffering, great betrayal, insanity, starvation, massacre—all perfumed with heaven and highlighted by the fires of hell. It is so great a story that one who thinks in terms of literature is apt to believe that its tremendous reality must make trivial any attempt to use it in fiction. Up to now that belief has been supported by all the fiction actually written about Mormonism. There is a mass of devout and nearly unreadable novels by pious Saints, published in Utah and taken seriously by the church publications. Only the saved or the obviously damned could read them, and the saved could not possibly enjoy them. There is Harry Leon Wilson's sentimental melodrama, "The Lion of the Lord." Sherlock Holmes began his career against a background of Mormon intrigue fully as melodramatic and rather more grotesque. Romantic novels by the dozen have found in pure women beguiled into polygamy and Destroying Angels foiled of their revenge a convenient rearrangement of the clichés. . . . I was thinking of this literature when, at about the time Mr. Vardis Fisher entered "Children of God" in the Harper Prize Novel contest which it has just won, I pub-

*CHILDREN OF GOD. By Vardis Fisher. New York: Harper & Bros. 1939. 769 pp. $3.

Next Week

AMERICA AND POETRY
By LEONARD BACON

WATCH FOR THE DAWN
By STUART CLOETE
Reviewed by C. D. Abbott

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lished in *Harper's Magazine* my belief that there never would be a good novel about the Mormons.

That, like Joseph's date for the end of the world, was bad prophecy. "Children of God," though about the Mormons, is a very fine novel. It is also, on the basis of his earlier books, an astonishing novel in both kind and quality for Mr. Fisher to have written. He had published, I believe, six earlier novels, the first an unimpressive blend of pastoral naiveté and choleric realism, the sixth an experiment in what came out not quite comedy and not quite tears, and a tetralogy which can only be described as, always excepting the books of Thomas Wolfe, the most completely unbuttoned fiction of our time in America. The honesty, the integrity, and the terrible striving of that tetralogy are not to be impugned. The author's will to tell the truth can be heard vibrating a mile away, and all four books heave and even retch with moral earnestness. But the theme of them is the integration of a literary neurotic and they riot with all the subjective implications it contains. They are a passionate, sometimes revolting, and on the whole dull catharsis, discharged directly from phantasy to print. They depict a Eugene Gant with anxieties instead of frenzies, with a firmer prose, less hungry for the world but more tortured by himself, set in the Rockies and Chicago rather than Old Catawba and New York. His name is Vridar Hunter, and a casual reader might take that anagram as a suggestion that the tetralogy, whether in fact or in phantasy, is as autobiographical as it is introspective. On this showing, though we might anticipate from Mr. Fisher novels more intricately wrought and projected farther from their source, or perhaps more sophisticated in their psychological preoccupations, or even more tranquil, we could hardly expect him to write objective novels. In order to do so he would have to become a wholly different kind of novelist.

Joseph Smith

That is precisely what he has done, and it is one of the most amazing transformations on record. "Children of God" is as objective as "The Three Musketeers," and it is so free of neurotic material that it does not even acknowledge the neuroses of some of its characters. It is hard and firm, devoid of analysis, rigorously contained inside the events it records. Its emotions are those of its characters, not of its author. It is straightforward, factual, so undecorated and so harmonious with its material that it seems impersonal. But it is thoroughly alive.

Mr. Fisher's subtitle calls it "An American Epic," and the noun is justified not only by its objectivity but also by its scope. It begins with young Joseph Smith seeing God for the first time, and it ends with a grandson of a youth who had seen Smith mobbed in Missouri, now a bishop and the head of the last remaining communistic order in Utah, leading the few faithful who will follow him away from the church that is recreant to its early vision, toward some valley in Mexico where, like Joseph before him, he may restore the ancient faith. Between these scenes is compacted most of the history of the Mormons. The fable follows the history so closely that only a specialist will be aware where and to what extent Mr. Fisher has departed from it. No one can object to such departures as he makes, for they illuminate his understanding and support his interpretation of the Mormon drama.

Like Mormonism itself, the book is built around and derives its force from the two heroic personages, Smith and Young; like Mormonism, it is less vivid, even less real, when they have left the stage. Historically, Joseph Smith was a borderline paranoiac who swung to and fro between sense and insanity, slowly drifting farther on the wrong side till he was quite mad when he was martyred. In Mr. Fisher's portrait he is thoroughly sane but endowed with a vivid phantasy-life through which he expresses his religious impulses and which leads him on through millennial grandeurs progressively more immense—and more vague. His inspiration is rationalized impulse, his doctrinal inventions are the crude but logical implements of his will, his ecclesiastical structure derives its purposes, its weaknesses, and its contradictions from his own. It is wish and dream, not delusion, that makes him blind to the realities over which he continually trips, and he learns but slowly, a tracebound man, from the opposition of the sinful and the failures and treasons of the Saints.... Mr. Fisher leaves out Joseph's recklessness and arrogance, his bucolic pretentiousness, and the coarse humor that has endeared him to many a detached student. The historical Joseph had more anger and more guile than Mr. Fisher gives him. But the portrait is lifesize and living, and it is convincing in its own terms. Such a man could have founded such a church.

Brigham Young

Joseph's portion of the novel is subtitled "Morning." It contains not only the apocalyptic visions but also the exterior violence of the persecutions —rather too much of it—and the interior of polygamy. (This last, in Mr. Fisher's version, is the result not of Joseph's peculiar gifts but of his wife's disbelief and frigidity.) There is an excellent movement and interplay of scores of lesser characters. The thing marches. It retains the fundamental incredibility of the history it deals with—no one can quite believe, even in the presence of the facts, that Mormonism rose and has endured—but it carries conviction from within.

Like Mormonism, however, the best of the novel is its second phase, "Noon," which deals with the ministry of Brigham Young, and its high point is the hegira, the movement of the church from Illinois to Utah. There is occasional evidence that, like a number of earlier writers, Mr. Fisher finds Young either less interesting or less explicable than Smith, but the underlying richness of the glazier turned empire-builder triumphs over the author's reluctance and Brigham comes out a genuinely great man. The church has changed, both in vision and in circumstance. Persecution remains active but is less effective, isolation permits the building up of the kingdom, and Brigham shapes it toward his own ideas of glory, which are of this earth rather than hereafter. This second section pivots on polygamy, its domestic trials and tensions and the uproar about it in the world outside. But there is also the long struggle with

(*Continued on page* 14)

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Muscular Novel of Immigrant Life

CHRIST IN CONCRETE. By Pietro di Donato. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1939. 311 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS ADAMIC

PIETRO di DONATO is the American-born son of an Italian immigrant and laborer. He is himself a bricklayer by trade. His first book, which is an expansion of a celebrated magazine story, is a clear and solid reflection of his background. It is a highly interesting, perhaps a significant, book.

So far, in America, most novels of the laboring class have been reflections of the economic treadmill on the tenuous cheesecloth fabric of an ideology. Truth was shaped, adjusted, twisted to conform to the intellectuals' notions of synthetic Marxians. People in the stories were not characters, but caricatures, puppets yanked this way and that way by the whims of a preconceived philosophy of life and action.

Novels of immigrants and their adaptation to the American scene have usually been sentimental, apologetic, insinuating, and even subservient. The only exceptions that come to my mind are "My Ántoniá" and "Giants of the Earth." Most of the few immigrant writers have stood in awe of the America they tried to write about, and have been biased in their judgment and blurred in their perspective. Old-stock American authors have been either condescending and patronizing toward the immigrants or inadequate because lacking in intimate understanding of their situation in the New World.

Although not reaching the epic quality of Rölvaag's novel of the Norwegian pioneers, and missing the objective discernment of Willa Cather's story of Ántoniá, "Christ in Concrete" comes curiously close to both. There is no doubt of its importance as a book that has sprung out of the seldom-tapped sources of immigrant life, nor that Di Donato is an important addition to the thin ranks of writers of the new-immigrant strains. His importance lies in the fact that he articulates the qualities of the Italian element in the United States.

Mr. Di Donato's publishers offer the book as a novel. I fear that the experts will waste a great deal of time and space on whether or not it is a novel. I, for one, scarcely care whether it is or not. If it is, I am inclined to agree with those who will say that it is not a good novel. It is not fluid in its entirety, but parts of it are. Some of it is ill-planned, shooting out in vague directions. Here and there the book appears spasmodic in inspiration, even ill-defined and formless.

The first chapter is a good short story; the remainder is an attempt to follow its theme, which is the power of the job—work, employment, the need of livelihood—its hold on the poor Italian and his weakness and strength in yielding to it and in combating it. The theme, I am afraid, is

Pietro di Donato

not strengthened sufficiently after the first chapter. Some episodes, indeed, seem to clash with it instead of augmenting it. The end is rather weak, leaving one asking for fuller understanding and completion. But this bricklayer can write, and—although this is almost a direct contradiction of what I have just said—there is no lagging. The writing is far too intense for that. The words are powerful. They carry sounds and smells. The sentences are held together by a muscular vitality.

Reading "Christ in Concrete" one thinks of that other Italo-American writer, John Fante, whose novel "Wait Until Spring, Bandini!" appeared a few months ago. Like Fante, Di Donato is robust and full-blooded and passionate, now and then almost to the point of craziness; and also like Fante, he has imagination and a healthy sense of the source of poetry in the Italian. In this latter quality Di Donato perhaps even surpasses Fante, who is superior to Di Donato in other respects. Di Donato has achieved something extremely difficult. He has translated the spirit of the Italian lyric conversation and colloquialisms into American speech, which strikes one as quite natural. Sometimes one feels as though bricks and stones and trowelfuls of mortar have been thrown on the pages and from them have risen words. The book is a sincere, honest job.

There is nothing twisted to fit an intellectual hypothesis. There is no ideology, no simplification of life which usually simplifies nothing but only confuses. There is no sentimentality or subservience. There is always a sense of the dignity of man and the worker. Di Donato's people are poor. They strain themselves to forge a livable pattern and to pour their energies into something which they do not understand, striving to be creative in their narrow and, at the same time, universal ways. They are alive. They die horribly but magnificently.

Louis Adamic, as those who have read his "The Native's Return" will know, was himself an immigrant to America.

A True Horror Story

A JOURNEY ROUND MY SKULL. By Frigyes Karinthy. New York: Harper & Bros. 1939. 288 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

FOR most laymen brain and psyche are still one. Through countless years the skull has been to mankind the habitat of the spiritual half of his being. All the efforts of modern psychiatrists have been unable to dispel the unique fear and horror the average person associates with a diseased brain, and the miracles of brain surgery, so recently and brilliantly developed, owe no small part of their fascination to the almost superstitious awe with which we have long regarded the "organ of thought."

This extraordinary book may be counted on to dispel much of the reader's ignorance, but it surely will do little to quiet his fears. It is a "true" horror story, written in a brilliant, often beautiful style, concerned wholly with the subjective effect upon a sensitive, articulate artist, of a developing brain tumor, his experiences with doctors, clinics, and sympathetic friends, his impressions during the five long hours he lay bound on an operating table under a local anesthetic while surgeons turned back his skull and made their journey round it, his convalescent dreams. The patient—the author—is a Hungarian writer; the scene is Budapest. He writes plays, poetry, articles; he delights in playing with more or less fantastic ideas and his mind has an ironic and philosophic twist that expresses itself in delightful and unexpected paragraphs. He lives with his young son and visits his wife, who for the time being is at work on psy-

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chonalysis in Vienna. His account begins with his first hallucinations. These were of an auditory character and hardly alarmed him. But as the symptoms progress and other senses are involved, despite the interpolations of humor and philosophy, the horrors of the threatened doom mount to an almost unbearable tension. He visits many specialists and succeeds for a time in confusing them and reassuring himself. He makes rounds in an insane hospital and succinctly describes the types of brain disease he sees there. He goes to a sanitorium for observation and comments wittily and shrewdly on his doctors and visitors. At last the verdict is read. He travels to Stockholm to one of Cushing's brilliant students, and after a tortuous operation the tumor is successfully removed while, conscious throughout, he notes his impressions and psychic agony. (He feels no physical pain for which the reader is immensely grateful). Such is the story.

The reader must decide for himself whether or not this "tale" provides for him the entertainment Somerset Maugham maintains is the essential quality of fiction. Physicians will marvel at the clinical verity of its medical comments, and they should find valuable food for thought in the reactions of a highly intelligent patient to their professional mores. The quality of the writing is far more distinguished than that of most novels, and as a horror story it unfolds with devilish ingenuity. The character of the hero is charming and provocative, and the translation is quite surprisingly good. Nevertheless it can be recommended only with reservation and to those of the steadiest nerves. Because of the art of its telling, it is far more disturbing—more convincing—than a straight medical treatise, and it is so detailed that if widely read might well result in crowding the offices of the brain men with affrighted hypochondriacs!

Dr. Ulrich, a graduate of The Johns Hopkins Medical School, was for some years a practical physician in Minneapolis.

Epic Vicissitudes

ARARAT. By Elgin Groseclose. New York: Carrick & Evans, Inc. 1939. 482 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

IN this sincere, sober, and often moving novel, Mr. Groseclose has set himself a task of great difficulty. His major theme is, it appears, the reconciliation of the dynamic and static attitude toward human life, the Promethean and the mystic. His setting is an unfamiliar one—the region, lying south of the Black Sea and the Caspian of which Mt. Ararat is the topographical center and which is bounded today by Turkey, Persia, and the U.S.S.R. His people are Armenians, Russians, and Turks, plus one all-important American. The events of the narrative are mainly those vicissitudes which befell a village of Armenians during the thirty years between the time when the Turks decided that all male Armenians must be destroyed and the close of the Russian Revolution.

The story opens in the village of Dilijan, Turkey where, in 1895, an American missionary, an ex-cowboy from Texas who has made the Armenians his flock, was interpreting to them his personal God. Through massacre, migration, and maltreatment of all kinds the indomitable Armenians survive—at least their children do—always presided over by the booming evangelism of Amos Lyle, who, incidentally is the only character of any importance to get from the first half of the book into the second.

This shift of persons, although it enables Mr. Groseclose to get through three decades of narrative and still have two young people to bring together at the end, has the unfortunate effect of sidetracking the narrative. Thus Paul Stepanovitch Markov, a Russian bourgeois officer, son of a character in the opening section of the book, is introduced on page 183 and does not reach Amos Lyle's side until page 320 or thereabouts. In the intervening space the fortunes of the Dilijan Armenians are left in suspension while the reader is carried with young Lieutenant Markov through the Russian Revolution and thence into exile. Only when Paul Stepanovitch reaches Amos Lyle, does the conflict of his self-reliant individualism, his mild cynicism, with Lyle's massively sublime faith in God, the Provider, bring the two threads of the story together and run it toward its quite noble if somewhat inconclusive conclusion. Markov ends by thinking that he has saved the Armenians and then catches himself and thanks God for doing the job. Mr. Groseclose concludes that all that is necessary to reconcile the apparent conflict between man's will and God's will is love,—"the understanding from which all harmony proceeds"—"the sanctuary and salvation which all men desire." This is an agreeable belief with which the reader will not be disposed to quarrel even though he may feel it rather more than Mr. Groseclose could handle.

The difficulty of the book lies in pulling unfamiliar elements into a whole with the intensity and grandeur required by the epic quality of its material. Mr. Groseclose has not been quite successful in a large scale task. His book, however, is stimulating for all its structural weaknesses.

Jacket design for "Ararat." From a watercolor by James Reynolds.

Poor Woman

". . . to keep back Beauty, keep it . . ."
Gerard Manley Hopkins

By SARA HENDERSON HAY

FIND something equal to replace
The shape of Beauty in your face,
This transient honor time disproves.
Oh, is there not some worthier gift,
Some cancelling comfort better still?
More durable to serve, to lift,
To minister to your self, your loves?
This is too slight to wring you so,
(I say) that time has done you ill,
(I say) that Beauty is brought low,
That the hight breast, the cheek, the thigh,
Will droop, fade, slacken; the curved arm
And kindling hands less quick, less warm,
The guarded panic in the eye
Tell you again the thing you know.

Oh find some wealth more sure, more true—
Poor woman. Poor myself. Poor you
Who read, if you be woman, too!

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Samuel Selden Partridge turned to the little town of Phelps . . . to try his luck.

A Man to Remember

COUNTRY LAWYER. By Bellamy Partridge. New York: Whittlesey House. 1939. 317 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MELVILLE CANE

THIS book about a country lawyer makes a welcome addition to the growing body of material which sets the rural American scene for the period beginning with Andrew Johnson, and ending, say, with Calvin Coolidge. Its author, Bellamy Partridge, has done more than write an affectionate biography of his father; he has presented him against a background of village types, in relation to the mores of the time. The result is a work of atmospheric color, a Currier and Ives series, rich, humorous, and of historic verity.

After Samuel Selden Partridge passed his bar examinations in central New York in the late sixties, he turned to the little town of Phelps in the Finger Lakes section as the place to settle down and try his luck. While his belief that the cities were already overcrowded with lawyers is arguable, his choice of a small village for his career was surely rewarding and fortunate. Starting from scratch, he lived there for more than half a century, married, reared eight children, owned a huge house and farm, acquired a competence, and, by integrity, shrewdness, and warm human sympathies, achieved the status of a "leading citizen" along with the local clergymen and doctor, dying serenely with the era that produced him.

In this post-Civil War period, there were no law schools, no public service commissions; corporate growth and monopoly were still in their infancy. Minority stockholders' suits were to come later. To a country lawyer there was no such thing as "Big Business." To Samuel Partridge, starting out in his early twenties, no business was too little. His first local success occurred before a justice of the peace, in defending five overpatriotic boys for making a Fourth of July bonfire out of somebody's barns. For obtaining an acquittal he received fifty dollars, ten dollars for each defendant. He likewise specialized in disputes over the sale of horses whose fitness did not come up to warranty. Which serves to date the age.

In those days you drew wills for as low as a dollar apiece, retaining the originals in your files, in the hope that eventually you'd be retained to administer the estate, if you outlived the testator. Sometimes people who weren't lawyers prepared wills, deeds, and other legal documents. This bootleg practice often resulted in defective draughtsmanship,—a flaw in title, a violation of some rule in the descent of property, thereby creating for accredited attorneys litigation in the Surrogates' and Supreme Courts. That was big business.

All this happened before the introduction of the typewriter, the invasion of any "foreign" element, the establishment of a local water-supply, the advantages of concrete pavement.

The book is full of bucolic incident and character. How about a movie? Another "Man To Remember," set in General Grant's day?

Melville Cane is a practising lawyer as well as a poet.

A Small Great Country

BELGIUM. By Hugh Gibson. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1939. 347 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

MR. HUGH GIBSON, who retired from the Foreign Service last year, has been one of America's most capable and charming diplomats. After many years in our embassies at Brussels and Rio and on our delegations at Geneva, he now shows a talent for writing as well as for negotiation. Mr. Gibson's latest book is at once a guidebook for the tourist and a tribute to a country which he knows and loves. The former Ambassador describes his work as "an attempt to write the sort of book I wish somebody had written for me years ago."

This introduction to a small but great country contains almost everything that the ordinary traveller requires, except hotel and transport information. There are chapters on Flemish painting, and on Belgian history, architecture, carillons, food, and lace. After extensive discussion of each of the chief tourist centers—Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, and Antwerp—even more interesting sections are devoted to lesser known towns and villages. With an eye for picturesque survivals of the Middle Ages, Mr. Gibson lists many of the religious processions and ceremonies that the visitor can find in odd corners of the country. His discussion of Flemish art includes even an appendix on the saints and their symbols. Dozens of fine photographs greatly enhance the text.

This reviewer, having spent exactly thirty minutes in Belgium (at the Brussels airport), can hardly vouch for the accuracy of Mr. Gibson's praise of kidneys à la Liégeoise or the Hôtel de Ville in Louvain. The book as a whole, written in a slightly casual style, contains an enormous amount of useful information, artistic erudition, and sympathy for the national traditions. One occasionally wishes that Mr. Gibson had departed from the custom of guidebooks by commenting on contemporary political affairs or pointing out a few modern buildings and social projects. "Belgium" is, however, a credit to both its author and its subject. It is the sort of book that can be used as an adjunct to Baedeker while the traveller is on tour, and that, when he wishes to relive his experiences in memory, will be just the stimulant to recollection that he needs.

James Frederick Green is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Art and Fact

WHEN Thomas Wolfe, a stranger from America, came to Berlin a few years ago, minds harassed by politics, Nazi and otherwise, suddenly took fire. An earthquake shook the Prussian barracks, as Wolfe appeared like Pan, crowned with melodious and chaotic words, a mountain walking like a man. Even the street sweepers worked in an orphic haze, having read the titles of his books, which were profusely displayed in faultless translations in the windows of Berlin's innumerable bookshops. I was not surprised to learn from a recent biographical sketch of the great writer that only in Berlin did Wolfe taste unreservedly the sweetness of fame.

Ever since Goethe's death Germany has desired a great literature, but, like Italy, has never succeeded in equalling France, Russia, England, and America. She has had to be content with musicians and philosophers. But despite the inadequacy of her literary output, her interest in literature has never been daunted. It is still great. Compare the pages of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*—even now, some six or seven years after the Nazis arrived at power—with, say, the *New York Times,* not to mention lesser journals. The *Times* will shower practical information upon your head, it will drag facts from the remotest corner to display them in triumph before you, as Caesar paraded conquered barbarians—but it will never attempt to lighten the burden of all this informative matter by a literary excursion. It will never condescend to soften the severity of its findings by indulging in symbolic treatment, or by hinting that, after all, an event as such is unprovocative unless given life by feeling.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung,* now perhaps more than ever before, has the good sense to lighten the weight of facts it necessarily records on the front page by the literary sallies of its last page. On the front page life is realistically presented, a disheartening spectacle of meaningless anarchy, calculated to reduce to melancholy anyone who does not discover the antidote of the last page. There, however, is to be found the sweet relief of metaphysical discussion, a feast of eternal truth well adapted to restoring mental balance. If you ask people in Germany why they read the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* eighty in a hundred will answer: because it has such a wonderful "feuilleton"—referring to the section below the line that sets off the lighter material from the more sober. Precisely the same answer would once have been made in regard to the *Vossische Zeitung,* the *Tageblatt,*—both gone now—the *Koelnische Zeitung,* the Viennese papers, and others as well. The German public never read the papers (with the possible exception of the *Tageblatt*), for their editorials, and only sometimes for their economic news, but always for their "feuilleton"—the literary supplement. Only the Nazi papers offered other attractions; but, then, they were never very widely read.

The *New York Times,* on the other hand, is not read because of the attention it bestows on literature; as a matter of fact it devotes only part of a page to books in its daily issues. Every Sunday, to be sure, it publishes a very good book review—a supplement which might be likened to an eighteenth century garden, so symmetrical is its arrangement, and so consistently do its reviews lead to the sober temple of reason. But when one considers the magnitude of educational enterprise in the United States and the quickness of the American mind, one surmises that there must be many ideas, shrewd observations, and complexities of thought which would profit by opportunity for literary discussion. Where can a writer find an outlet for the bit of literature he may have composed—not a long novel, not a scientific treatise, not a short story fabricated on the standard pattern—but an effort at self-expression, thoroughly and uniquely his own? So far as I have discovered there are three quarterlies to which he can send his effort—one edited in Baton Rouge, the other in Virginia, the third at Yale. Not one newspaper (save possibly *The Christian Science Monitor*) would so much as consider his very personal, very direct, and challenging contribution. In Germany, in normal days, he could have found hundreds of daily papers which were anxious to humor their pet child, the "feuilleton," with some unwonted sketch. Even if they had paid little for it, its publication would have had value for the morale of the author.

It is paradoxical that the Germans with all their literary interest, should be fairly negligible as *littérateurs,* and that the Americans, whose gigantic newspaper organization does nothing to encourage blossoming talents and which has only three quarterlies providing an outlet for pure literature, should be producing what is perhaps the most outstanding contemporary literature. When I am asked: Why did you come to America? I answer, rather solemnly: "I wanted to breathe the air of Thomas Wolfe, Faulkner, and the rest." But these names mean less here than they do in Germany. Continentals will always be surprised by the fact-fetichism practised in America. It is only in American civilization that fact comes before art. Take, for example, the "Talk of the Town" in the *New Yorker*—a column pleasing and entertaining because it is so "artless." In it the facts produce the writer. His improvisations are not his own—they are the freaks in the carnival of events. *Life,* a short time ago, published a symposium on America to which Walter Lippmann contributed a splendid article. The symposium, good as it was, was nevertheless, I think, less felicitous in its effect than the *New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town" customarily is; it was too much like a sales catalogue, an engineer's manual, or a geologist's primer. Its intention was not to be casual, but to serve as a mirror of something great. Yet Victor Hugo writing of a spider transports me to higher realms than *Life* did when it spoke of America. You cannot rely too entirely on facts.

AN EX-GERMAN.

Books and Movies

A correspondent to one of the newspapers recently commented on the fact that a New York motion picture house which he attended had on display a row of books. It has always seemed to us that the publishers are missing an opportunity by not tying up their works more closely with current productions. There must be many, for instance, who have seen the picture of "Stanley and Livingstone" now on the screen at the Roxy Theatre, who, if some of Stanley's works were available (most of them, we believe, are out of print), or if the life of Stanley entitled "Bula Matari" were easily obtainable, would seize on a chance to read of the dramatic tale they had just observed. More and more the film is turning to historic incident for its episode, and more and more there must be desire for information on the events described.

A. L.

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Letters to the Editor: *Sheean's View of the English and Emerson's*

Emerson on English Traits

SIR:—It has occurred to me that England and "English Traits," seen with Vincent Sheean from the top deck of the "13 Bus," have not changed much in the hundred odd years since Emerson's day. A check-up reveals that in 1833 Carlyle complained to Emerson of the "selfish abdication by public men of all that public persons should perform" and Emerson opined that "Truth in private life, untruth in public, marks these home-loving men. Their political conduct is not decided by general views, but by internal intrigues and personal and family interest. . . . They cannot readily see beyond England. English principles mean a primary regard to the interests of property." He believed they would not "fight for a point of honor nor a religious sentiment, nor any whim," but "offer to lay a hand on their day's wages, or their cows or rights in common, or their shops and they will fight to the Judgment." "Heavy fellows steeped in beer and fleshpots," he says further on, "they are hard of hearing and dim of sight. Their drowsy minds need to be flagellated by war and trade and politics and persecution. They cannot read a principle except by the light of fagots and of burning towns."

In re the flaws in their foreign policy observed by Mr. Sheean, Emerson says:—"Foreign policy in England, though ambitious and lavish of money, has not often been generous or just. It has a principal regard to the interest of trade, checked however by the aristocratic bias of the ambassador, which usually puts him in sympathy with the continental courts. It sanctioned the partition of Poland, it betrayed Genoa, Sicily, Parga, Greece, Turkey, Rome, and Hungary," to which list of crimes Mr. Sheean has added painful and bitter items.

Emerson did not wholly approve of the *Times* as it was in 1847, either, but "wishes he could add that this journal aspired to deserve the power it wields," and denies that the English press has a "high tone."

The only material change in "English Traits" seems to be that a hundred years ago, according to Emerson, "To pay their debts is their national point of honor."

M. M. OVERSTREET.

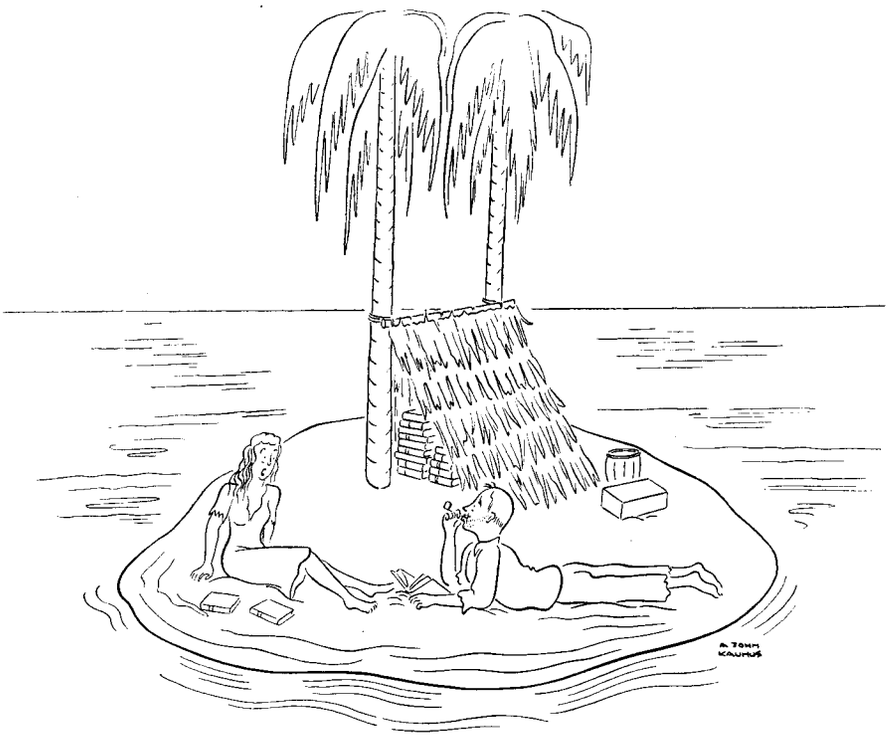
Sedalia, Mo.

William Marion Reedy

SIR:—I am working upon a biography of William Marion Reedy, and am anxious to get in touch with his relatives, and people who knew him or worked with him on *Reedy's Mirror*. I would also like to contact people owning Reedy letters.

FORREST FRAZIER.

Huntsville, Mo.



"I just can't help thinking about the fines at that lending library."

Where Is the Truth?

SIR:—If this controversy over "The Dark Wing" is not a purely private fight, and a mere outsider could edge in, might I venture the opinion that Mr. Cordell is slightly in error when he so airily lumps all Stringer novels as escape-fiction. "The Silver Poppy," which he cites as an example, is certainly not "in the romantic vein of Marion Crawford." "The Wine of Life" was assuredly of a realistic manner which might not have been altogether repugnant to the Faulkners and the Hemingways of today. And that the Stringer novel "Power" (a study of a ruthless railroad magnate) is of the genre of George Barr McCutcheon seems slightly contradicted by a review of that novel which appeared in the pages of *The Saturday Review of Literature* itself. I quote three sentences from it:

"It is a novel that sticks out head and shoulders above the ephemeral, fashionable stories of the day, chiefly because of its conception, its matured understanding and envisagement of life, its breadth and sureness of vision. The philosophy which underlies it reminds one somewhat of the attitude of a Thackeray: an understanding pity for the tragedy of human life, critical, even unsparing yet genial, in no wise impatient or angry, and always seeing things in their due proportions. The execution of the book is also masterly; a triumph of technique, both in its surface finish and its construction."

As the perplexed peddler asked of the barking dog which could still wag its tail: "Which end am I to believe?"

VICTOR LAURISTON.

Chatham, Ontario.

Rome and the Frontier

SIR:—The *S.R.L.* for June 24 contains a letter from F. P. Noble which objects to Elmer Davis's interpretation of the vanishing Roman frontier, in his review of "The New Deal in Old Rome." The writer contends that the vanishing Roman frontier as a cause of the decline of Rome is over-emphasized and not consistent with historical fact. I cannot answer the charge directly, but I can suggest that the glories of Old Rome were to some extent a reflection of her frontier loot, and that the maintenance of the splendor of Rome depended somewhat on the existence of an ever larger lootable frontier. I am aware of the fact that there were existing regions and peoples never brought under Roman domination. Whether these areas were a possible frontier I am not quite certain. I agree that utilization and exploitation of the Roman frontier was a military accomplishment. I think, however, that it is not illogical to assume that there is a point in military conquest at which diminishing returns set in. I think it quite possible that the fall of Rome was caused in part by her loss of frontier.

F. B. HOFFMAN.

Olaa, Hawaii, T. H.

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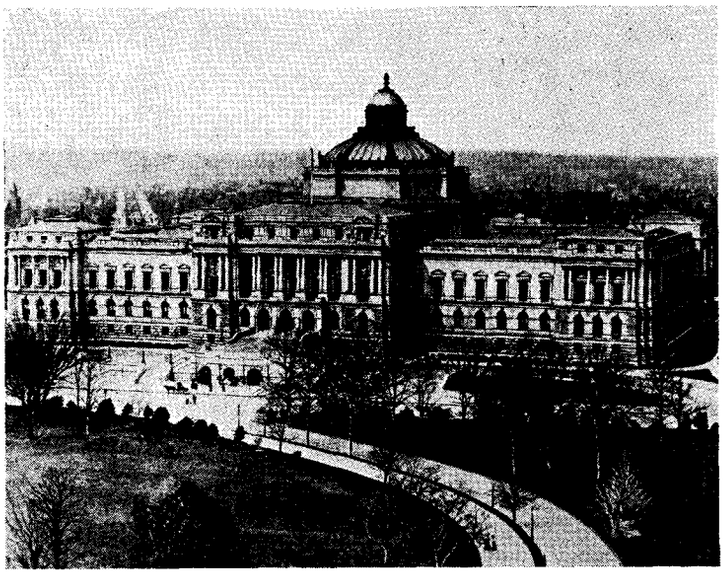
The Scholar and His Library

BY R. D. JAMESON



The Congressional Library, Washington, D. C.

AMERICAN students of European literature, history, and all subjects for which printed or manuscript materials are needed now find themselves in a more favored position than their European colleagues. Instead of spending months in the unventilated, badly catalogued libraries of Europe, where the attendants more often than not take it as their duty to keep the books on the shelves and out of the hands of the student, the American scholar is now able to tap enormous resources which until recently have been difficult of access. He is able to do this in the peace of his study with all of his notes about him at a fraction of the expense which the European tour would cost. He can comfort himself with his pipe or cigarette and the thought that he is not spending his savings but actually continuing his salary.

All this has been brought about by a number of factors working together: mechanical developments, developments in communication, developments in library science. But without the great vision of Dr. Herbert Putnam, for forty years as Librarian of Congress, and now Librarian Emeritus, these striking mechanical developments would probably not have been put at the service of American scholars.

To the layman the most startling mechanical developments are in photostatics and microphotography. Experiments in photostatic reproduction have been in progress for many years. A photostatic copy is a photograph of the manuscript, map, or page taken directly on a sheet of sensitized paper. Although the Library of Congress supplies these reproductions at the actual cost of printing and postage, the cost for photostating—twenty cents a sheet and a sheet may reproduce one or two pages, depending on the size of the page—is still too great to permit most private scholars to purchase more than a few hundred sheets for themselves. It is sufficiently low, however, to come within the resources of most libraries, and for some problems, the cost of photostated copies as compared with a trip abroad and, frequently, loss of salary, is very low. For example, when critical texts are to be prepared the first step is to get the relevant manuscripts copied. Until recently, if funds were insufficient to engage a professional copyist—and the fees of these people are high for not many steno-typists are able to decipher a monkish hand working in medieval Latin—it was necessary to go to the manuscripts themselves and spend laborious hours making a copy which can be no more reliable than the constant factor of error in all human undertakings. Now the factor of error is reduced by photography. The copies are at hand at all hours of the day and night. For the mechanical labor of copying the scholar can substitute meditation on his problem.

Micro-photography is a more recent mechanical achievement and offers yet greater possibilities. The development of this service is due largely to the efforts of a doctor in the United States Navy. Ships are not able to carry large libraries, yet frequently a life may be saved if the ship's doctor is able to get quickly the information he needs. If every medical book could be reduced in size from say 9″ by 11″ to 1″ by 1″, and in weight from several pounds to a few ounces . . . The answer to that was micro-photography. Apparatus has been devised to photograph books rapidly and sharply, and other apparatus to project negatives for easy reading. The ship's doctor can now store several thousand of these capsules in his own quarters. He can have ready access to a larger library than is to be found in a number of the smaller hospitals ashore. The cost, negligible as compared to the cost of scientific or out-of-print books, depends on the size of the page to be photographed and runs between two cents a page for large pages or a cent a page where two pages can be photographed with one exposure. Most libraries are equipped with facilities for micro-photography and with reading apparatus. The reading apparatus itself is not beyond the resources of most scholars. A photographic edition of any rare two hundred page book which would sell on the market for thousands of dollars can now be purchased by an American scholar or his research library for two to four dollars. (This is less than the cost of a bad detective story.)

Micro-photography is very new. In the 1920's it was the dream of a few enthusiasts; even now librarians are apt to begin their accounts of it with expressions of amazement. The greatest developments have been in the last four years and the prospects for next year are even greater.

A number of types of reading apparatus are on the market. Their costs vary as do their efficiency. The cost of a binocular apparatus is comparatively low but with this type the eyes are strained and the arm begins to ache after an hour or so. The apparatus at present used by the Library of Congress is a large box. In the front is a piece of glazed glass 14″ by 18″ on which the image, increased by ten to twenty-five diameters, can be thrown. If one's tastes lie that way or the problem requires it and copyright agreements do not intervene, this g l a s s can be used to make photographic reproductions.

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When desired an image can be thrown on the wall and future classes in paleography and textual criticism will meet their problems face to face instead of through the reports of their teachers. The spools of film are on the top of the box and a page is turned by turning a small crank.

Improvements in cost and efficiency will come as demand increases. The apparatus for winding will doubtless be improved so that a student can turn from index or table of contents to the page needed as easily as he can flip a page, instead of cranking the film back and forth. The apparatus is being made compact to the point that one can have a typewriter at one hand and a reading apparatus on the other and it may be of interest to note that even now the cost of the apparatus is no greater than the cost of a standard typewriter.

New difficulties appear and are being solved daily as new uses for microphotography appear. The photoduplication of copyright material is of course forbidden, unless the applicant can give adequate assurance to the copyright owner that the film will not be used for piracy. Librarians have spent thousands of years discovering ways to classify, store, and catalogue books so that they may be found with no loss of time. Now librarians are presented with similar problems of how to keep the thousands of spools of thirty-five mm. film conveniently at hand. Micro-photography is contributing to the preservation of old manuscripts, archives, and newspapers and to their distribution. Newspapers printed on pulp paper are fragile, heavy, and cumbersome. Historians collecting the small, everyday facts needed for their art lift tons of newspapers yearly. Micro-photography makes these papers easy to handle and preserves them for the scholars of the future. Milwaukee has recently completed the microfilming of a hundred years of its newspaper history. *The New York Tribune* and the *Herald-Tribune* have been filmed for the period of 1841 to 1934. Other improvements and applications are rising over the horizon. The value of these mechanized aids to the American scholar is that the time is rapidly approaching when any book, manuscript, or map in the world will be available to him in his study or his research library at a negligible cost.

However brilliant they may seem, these technical developments are merely machines. They would be useless unless there was a way of finding out what books are in which places. Because of developments in library science we are now able to discover where the books are. Every undergraduate has had experience with bibliographical work, special lists of books, and the bibliographies of bibliographies. These are important tools but at best they give information as to what book was printed when, where, and by whom. They do not tell us where in the United States the book is at the present moment.

The unique Union Catalog of the Library of Congress tells us exactly this. The purpose of this undertaking is to arrange in one large card catalogue the titles, with suitable additional data, of all the resources for scholarship in the United States. By flipping through the cards in the Union Catalog of the Library of Congress—there are twelve millions of them—the American scholar can see what resources for the study of any subject are to be found in more than seven hundred American libraries. In the Library of Congress the duplicate catalogue of the British Museum, perhaps the second largest library in the world, is a complement to the Union Catalog. The American scholar can now have the cards of the Union Catalog and the duplicate catalogue of the British Museum photostated for about 1.7 cents a card. Surveys of American resources now in progress and based on the listings of the Union Catalog have shown again and again that there exist in small and slightly known libraries magnificent collections of books and manuscripts.

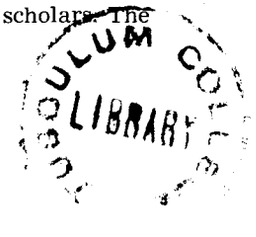
The new postal rate for books (one and a half cent a pound) makes it possible for the American scholar to have the less costly of these books on the table before him. When books are rare or fragile, librarians naturally hesitate to send them on long journeys subject to the hazards of the applicant's mischievous child or inquisitive small dog. When this occurs, photostatics or micro-photography can be resorted to.

Another great aid to scholarship made possible by the Library of Congress is in the distribution of catalogue cards. The classification and cataloguing of a book is a specialized science. On a single card must be sufficient information about the book, the author, the date of publication, and the like to enable a student to decide whether he has need of that particular book or one with a similar title. In addition, the card must indicate where in the library the book is to be found. The task of deciding at exactly what place on the shelf a book is to be put in a library with a collection of eight million items requires skill of the highest order. Yet unless the books can be found when needed, the books are useless. For this reason the Library of Congress undertakes to classify the books, print the cards, and distribute them at cost to libraries that wish to purchase them. The technical work is centralized. The entire nation benefits.

The great technical developments in the science of classifying and cataloguing books are generally known. And those discursive scholars who refer to librarians as mere book keepers might profit from observing the exact scholarship and the concise style required to get all the needed data in the smallest possible space. Any one who has spent long enough in a library will marvel at the attendants' patience in teaching students how to make use of the resources before them. Less well known are the developments in printing apparatus needed to print in all conceivable languages the cards needed by libraries and private scholars. The Intertype Company, the Government printer, and the librarians faced a problem of considerable uniqueness. The new machines which were installed last spring in the Annex of the Library of Congress will shift from one alphabet—say Russian or Greek—to English and back again without the loss of a minute's time. In the past all except the Latin alphabet were set by hand with resultant confusion and loss of time when millions of cards were required. Now from the time the copy is given to the compositor until it comes out a printed card the process is in a straight line.

The cards are distributed to institutions and individuals at cost. Methods of distribution depend upon the problem being studied. Orders may be placed for "proof strips" of cards for newly acquired books—each strip contains five cards—in more than thirty-four classes at a cost of 1½ cents a strip. If cards are ordered from those in stock the cost is from four cents to six cents. Photostatic negatives of the cards under any given entry in one of the Library catalogues varies from 1.6 cents to a few cents a card. As the costs vary with the amount of labor needed to fill the order it is well to make inquiries at the Library of Congress before placing orders. Today, with its services accelerated by the increased accommodations of the Library Annex, any American scholar, at the cost of a cent and a fraction a card, can make arrangements to purchase all the incoming cards on his special subject, or any of the old cards he may need.

Behind all of these revolutions is the vision and the unassuming personality of Dr. Herbert Putnam who after more than forty years of service to the American people has become the Librarian Emeritus of the Library of Congress. Dr. Putnam's vision saw a university as a collection of books and a group of scholars. The



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books contain the wisdom, experience, and folly of mankind. The scholars, young or old, attempt to interpret and understand the books. At the beginning of his career he wrote: "There are two great problems of library management—one to get the books for the readers, the other to get the readers to the books."

Dr. Putnam saw that this could be done only by refinements of library science which would make our American resources available to any scholar who has need of them. A new philosophy of librarianship has been developed through his vision. Great scholarly resources are available to those who can use them. Two anecdotes will illustrate the change. The first was told on the fortieth anniversary of Dr. Putnam's Librarianship. Early in the nineteenth century someone saw the Librarian of the Harvard Library slowly and ponderously locking up the doors of his building at three on a Saturday afternoon. When the librarian was asked why the building should be so securely locked at an hour when the young gentlemen were presumably at greatest leisure to use it, the reply was: "All the books in this library are on the shelves where they belong except one which Louis Agassiz took out and I'm going over to get that." This is the old library. Here is the new: The curator of a very important private library spent her vacation, as so many librarians do, working in the Library of Congress. When her vacation was over she wrote Dr. Putnam, thanked him for the courtesies granted her, and said she regretted that she had been unable to finish her work on an illuminated fourteenth century manuscript, but understood why the book must r e m a i n locked in the well guarded fireproofed vault of the Rare Book Room. Somewhat to her astonishment the book was delivered to her by express the next day. Dr. Putnam's explanation was this: First, in the five hundred years of its existence the book had surmounted hazards of war, fire, f l o o d, and destruction much greater than it can conceivably meet in a journey from Washington to New York. Second, this book is necessary now for researches which may contribute greatly to human knowledge. No one can tell when it was needed last or how many decades will pass before some one else with adequate training and knowledge will appear to make use of it.

The moral is: The real value of a book is in the use we make of it. This view has put the learned resources of the world at the door of the American scholar.

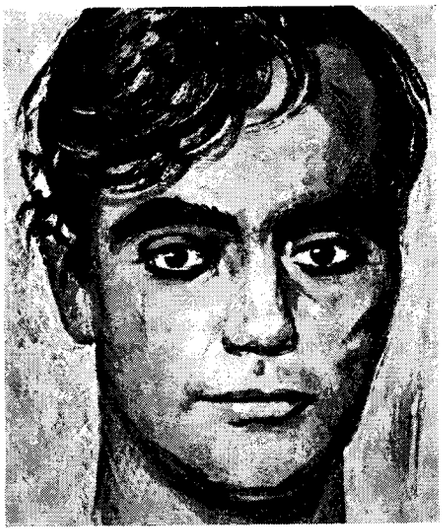
R. D. Jameson is on the staff of the Library of Congress.

Lorca's Poetry in English

POEMS OF F. GARCIA LORCA. With English Translation by Stephen Spender and J. L. Gili. New York: Oxford University Press. 1939. 143 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

POOR Tantalus, clutching at the fruit-laden boughs above his head, diving for the adorable water beneath his chin, was never more blankly frustrated than are Messrs. Spender and Gili in this book. The problem: catch Lorca, make his Spanish your English. What can you do? The "Romance Sonámbulo" opens "Verde que te quiero verde." Is this "Green, how I love you, green?" No.



F. Garcia Lorca

That is not the force of the line. It's not even what the Spanish *says*, let alone what it implies. The sounds are wrong; the rhythm is wrong; even the commas are wrong, although without them the line would be sillier English than it is. Or again: "No hubo príncipe en Sevilla / que comparársele pueda." When you've labored out "There was no prince in Seville / who could compare with him," what is left of the passionate splendor of that cadence? Where is the wonder, that "aire de Roma andaluza" which the poet saw touching with gold the head of his dead bullfighter friend?

Ay Federico García,
llama a la Guardia Civil!

"Call out the Civil Guards!" Call out someone, at any rate, to investigate this latest loving crime against the memory of contemporary Spain's finest poet.

Grant first of all that poetry cannot be translated without loss; grant then that it is desirable that the poetry of one language be made accessible to readers of another. For this there are various techniques. There is free paraphrase: the poem is "written again" in English, but written as it were for the first time, with no attempt to retain such idiosyncratic qualities of the original as clash with the genius of our own language. This method is least objectionable when the translation is from a language that is technically "dead" (the ancient classics), or when the two languages are not too far apart in structure, texture, whatever it is that composes the *anima linguae*. Thus there are excellent German translations of Shakespeare; and I would cite a recent version by Louis MacNeice of Horace's ode "Solvitur acris hiems." Another way is that of the strict rendering, preferably into prose, in which the attempt is not to equal the untranslatable qualities of the original, but to represent as faithfully as may be its ideas, its images, its intellectual content. At its worst, this method produces the interlinear trots of Virgil ("Arms the man—and I sing"); at its best, Rouse's versions of the "Odyssey" and "Iliad." In their translations from García Lorca, Spender and Gili have apparently tried to combine a literal rendering of the text with an English prosody based upon the principles of Spanish versification. The result is, to be mild about it, unhappy.

It could hardly have been otherwise. Have you heard the *cante jondo?* Have you heard the old gypsy women improvise their wailing *saetas* to the insistent drumbeat of the street processions during Seville's Holy Week? Nothing could be farther, rhythmically, melodically, emotionally, from the nature of the English language. Yet it is this *flamenco* style, derived from Spain's Moorish past, bound up with the whole tradition of the *romances*, the ancient balladry, that is at the very heart of Lorca's poetry. It can no more be reproduced in English than the Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens can be reproduced in Arabic. Add to this folk-element a poetic technique of astonishing virtuosity, a perfectly controlled manner which ranges all the way from the objective brutality of the "Llanto por Ignacio Sánchez Mejías" (published in translation by A. L. Lloyd as "Lament for the Death of a Bull-fighter") to the Dali-like extravagances of "Romance Sonámbulo" and the aerial music of the "Canciones," and you have Frederico García Lorca, the despair of any conscientious translator.

It is easy enough to write these things, to point out the failures of a book so long expected and so well-

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meaning. Now that the job has been done, it seems probable that many of the failures would not have occurred if the translators had been less ambitious. If, for instance, they had been content to accompany the Spanish text with a plain prose translation and, when necessary, notes describing the *genre,* the technique, the background of the individual poems. In a way, this would have left them more free. They would not have been tied down, as they are now, by the lineation of the Spanish; there would have been no need for this staggering, lurching verse which can only annoy the reader who has some Spanish and befuddle the reader who has none.

A Posthumous Novel

MAGNA. By Zona Gale. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1939. 119 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS posthumous book has Zona Gale's accustomed midWestern small-town setting, but attempts a wider range of emotion than was usual with her. It is highly thematic, setting in sharp opposition the love that is peaceful certainty and the love that is ecstatic madness.

At the beginning, Magna Pethner has just become engaged to Bolo Marks. (Almost all the nomenclature is unfortunate; Magna's mother, for instance, is Ethna Pethner.) She has grown up with Bolo, she knows him thoroughly, she has always loved him. But her handsome cousin Alec arrives; he comes from the Hebrides; she becomes acquainted with him amid the excitement of the Forty-Niners' Fair; he represents romance, unfamiliar and exciting. If it were not for Bolo, she would be completely swept off her feet, but she still loves Bolo, too; she is torn between the two kinds of love. This opposition is reinforced by a sex crime in the town, pointing up love as madness, and by the portraits of a number of Magna's elderly relatives, who have grown old together in loving serenity and who show the fruits of love as peace. In one or two of these small vignettes, the author is at her best; but the other side of the picture, the depiction of love as madness, lies outside the scope of her gentle, fragile art. Alec sweeping Magna off her feet can only be compared to Bottom roaring like a sucking dove. It is only at the beginning and the end of the story, the delicate portrayal of first love and the tranquil conclusion, that Zona Gale's art glows with a flame that is faint but very clear.

Some Personal Philosophies

I BELIEVE. A Series of Intimate Credos. Edited by Clifton Fadiman. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1939. 429 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

MANY long years ago, in 1931 to be exact, when the world was young and untroubled by totalitarianism, the first series of intimate credos of eminent men and women appeared under the title of "Living Philosophies." In a sense it summed up a period of intellectual fashion and philosophic fancy and satisfied a public eager to ponder out loud the permanent problems of human life and destiny and to speculate orally on the nature of man and his relation to the universe. The people to whom it appealed had watched with apprehension Harry Emerson Fosdick's attempts to defend theism against the gentle attacks of Albert Eustace Hayden and other religious humanists, had helped Irwin Edman bring Richard Kane to maturity, and, on the philosopher's working-day, listened to Adam, the baby, and the man from Mars as they commented on the human scene. Those were the days too when other people besides Republicans read Walter Lippmann, when Will Durant, not yet a Saturday evening prophet, served short orders of philosophy in delectable packages at low

Lancelot Hogben

prices, when Joseph Wood Krutch tempered despair with disillusion, when John Herman Randall, Jr. made the modern mind account for its antecedents, and when H. G. Wells outlined the history of the world in one volume.

To a similar public the present book will appeal. Similar in intent and design, and competently edited with introduction and biographical notes by Clifton Fadiman, it offers a new batch of personal philosophies from a group of eminent persons which includes W.

Harold J. Laski

H. Auden, Franz Boas, Pearl Buck, Stuart Chase, Havelock Ellis, E. M. Forster, Ellen Glasgow, Lancelot Hogben, Julian Huxley, Harold J. Laski, Lin Yutang, Emil Ludwig, Thomas Mann, Jacques Maritain, Jules Romains, George Santayana, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, John Strachey, James Thurber, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, and Rebecca West. In addition, most of the contributors to the earlier volume, although protesting in the majority that their basic philosophies have not changed, furnish brief supplementary essays.

In a rather striking sense, however, this book differs from its predecessor. Even in the fairest of intellectual climates some rain must fall, and the now darkening heavens promise storms which will flood the ivory towers. Questions of God, the soul, immortality, and the other imponderables have therefore receded into relative unimportance and throughout many of these contributions there runs a strain of immediacy, an emphasis on things temporal and political and sociological. Some of them support the belief that songs of social significance must have a martial rhythm and a Marxian tune. Except perhaps in the case of Santayana the philosophic calm of a personal credo gives place to an impatient confusion characterized by vital concern for the contemporary affairs of men. One gains the impression that here we have a new modern temper, one somehow foreign even in its more philosophic expressions to the temper of 1931.

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Czech Betrayal

LOST LIBERTY? By Joan and Jonathan Griffin. New York: Oxford University Press. 1939. 290 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

JOAN and Jonathan Griffin knew Czechoslovakia and loved it. They knew its statesmen, its intelligentsia, its military. From Prague they witnessed at first hand the closing stages of the Sudeten crisis and the aftermath. Their account contains the most thorough Czech documentation which has yet appeared in English.

The new details they bring to light can only enhance the general disgust with the rottenness surrounding the beleaguered little state on all sides. With meticulous exactitude they have pointed up every one of the successive ultimata and betrayals of Messieurs Chamberlain and Daladier. Despite failures and mistakes the Czechs alone emerge from the affair with a full meed of self-respect. Hitler bluffed successfully and never intended to start a war which he could hardly have won if it became general. Chamberlain and Daladier grovelled and determined in advance the perfidy they perpetrated in the crisis. Class snobbery and the virus of anti-communism bent the naive Cliveden Set to Hitler's purposes, and deterred Benes from resisting with the only aid available—Soviet aid.

The real victor was international anarchy. Avoidance of war last autumn has only made it more certain to come in the future. And now, the authors remark, the democracies will fight on more unfavorable terms for their very existence. Who will dispute their conclusion that only true democratic idealism—reflected in readiness to sacrifice for a worthy cause—can save the democracies from destruction at the hands of modern tyranny?

Millennial Millions

(*Continued from page* 4)

the venal, corrupt, and fanatical officials sent to bring Utah into the American system, Brigham's developing dictatorship, and his endless, never fully successful attempts to weld the all too human Saints into a self-sufficient society. In this part also the smaller, intimate actions that present the humbler levels of the church have a fine reality.

"Evening," the third part, is less memorable. The hardening and cooling of Mormonism, the decline from fire and faith to safety, the fading of the vision and the triumph of compromise, all of them forced on the novel by the facts of history, reach the reader rather as idea than as life. That phase of the church is irony or tragedy, depending on the angle of view, and Mr. Fisher has not become the kind of novelist who can manage either irony or tragedy with the same élan he contrives in the earlier parts. But for any novelist there is less in Mormonism after Brigham's death than there was before it.

As historical interpretation, the novel is a consistent, usually logical, and nearly always persuasive argument of the Mormon side, the only side in which fiction can take much interest. It naturally ignores much that a historian could not afford to ignore. It subdues the Mormon offences, says little about the bases of Gentile opposition, passes lightly over the continuous arrogance and more than occasional rascality of the Saints, and in general takes the orthodox attitude that the enemy had no case that did not rest on Satan's wiles. What is more important, it deals with the church much more than with the religion. It plays down Joseph's frenzies and does not explore the hysterias which they begot and encouraged. One gets little feeling of men and women wildly excited by the Last Days and by visions of vast glories to come; one feels the church as a human organization but too little as a congregation of believers existing in an apocalypse. And there is little of the most striking, most universal characteristic of the Saints from the beginning down to today, the intolerable self-righteousness of a chosen people. More than anything else, more than their political solidarity, more than their economic unity, that smugness antagonized the Gentiles. It is one of the keys to their history, and there might well have been more of it in this book. Finally, there are some distortions, sometimes striking but always unimportant, in the portraits of lesser personages. Sidney Rigdon, for instance, was more of a man than he is made out to be here, and the novelist has dodged a question that a historian could not dodge, why such a man was so subservient to Joseph and what part his subservience played in the church.

The important qualities of the book as fiction have already been suggested. Mr. Fisher's humor is undependable, sure at times but stumbling at others, and he has chosen to ignore a thousand possibilities of comedy. (An epic has room for comedy, surely, and here was an immense reservoir at hand—may someone follow after him and draw on it.) So much of his book is done in dialogue and so much of the dialogue is excellent that it seems ungracious to point out that sometimes it goes wooden and that some of its conventions are annoying. More annoying, however, is an unwearied but wearying insistence on cold sores, belches, human odors and deformations, and similar stock items of pedestrian realism. They pile up to quite a bulk in eight hundred pages and they linger in the memory more than they should. They, together with a too willing obligation to get as much as possible out of violence, are reminiscent of the tetralogy, and so is what I can only call a fundamental naiveté. Mr. Fisher approaches the deep wells of human motive with the same backwoods aplomb that Joseph Smith brought to his analyses of celestial mysteries, and sometimes one feels that he has been thrown for a severe loss. But naiveté is appropriate to the context: Mormonism is the most naive of American religions and its communicants have been the most naive of Americans, and sophistication of either concept or technique would have missed them entirely.

This, however, amounts to reproaching Mr. Fisher for not being all kinds of novelist in one, and for not exhausting an enormous subject. The important thing is that he has made Mormonism live in fiction, not its two prophets only but the miscellaneous mass as well—their fears and hopes, their angers and irrationalities, their tribulations and bewilderments and labors and achievements, the pathetic, heroic, farcical, all but unbelievable story of their lives as Saints in the Latter Days. It is important to insist on this quality of page by page reality, the outstanding virtue of a remarkable book. For, if it is a triumph to make, for instance, polgyamy credible on the printed page as a human experience, it is more of a triumph to sustain the same credibility through eight hundred pages that cannot all be massacre, miracle, or revelation.

Do I, who have a personal experience of and a lifelong interest in Mormonism, tend to find "Children of God" more interesting than the average reader is likely to, for whom its subject will remain outlandish? I think not. I think that most readers will take it at a gallop, where I went at a critical walk with the instinctive hostility of a vested interest. And certainly the book is superior to any previous work of Mr. Fisher's and it makes him, as his other books failed to, an important novelist. It is a deeply satisfying utilization of American material. It is instinct with what we were calling social values a little while ago, though I doubt if the surviving proletarian critics will praise it. Its vitality manifests a vigorous and disciplined imagination working freely at a task appropriate to it. It will be read for a long time, and Mr. Fisher has proved himself a mature novelist who belongs to the small company of our best.

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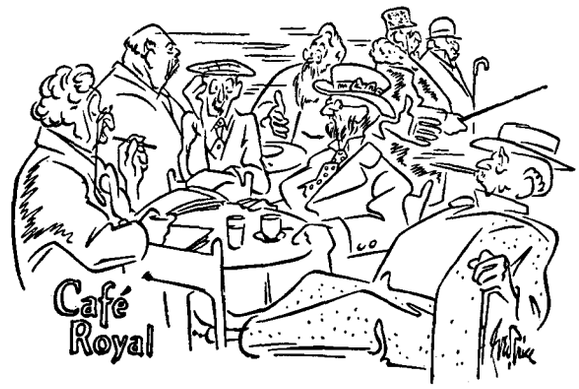

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Religion and the West

CHRISTIANITY AND MORALS. By Edward Westermarck. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1939. 427 *pp., with indices.* $5.

WITH this book a profound and tireless scholar adds one more to an imposing list of standard works in the field of ethics. Building on doctrines enunciated in his "Ethical Relativity" and "The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas," Professor Westermarck, Late Martin White Professor of Sociology at the University of London, discusses here the relationship between Christianity and morals, submits the moral casuistry of Christian theologians to the incisive light of historical and sociological analysis, and demonstrates, beyond the shadow of rational doubt, not only that religion and morals have no necessary theoretical connection, but that Christianity has exerted an anti-moralistic influence in the history of the Western peoples.

After introducing a summary of his own ethical philosophy, the author proceeds to consider the teachings of Jesus as given in the synoptic gospels and finds that, disregarding certain inconsistencies, they satisfy the criteria of morality. The theologians who followed Jesus, both Catholic and Protestant, however, can in no sense be regarded as superior moralists. After tracing this long history of Christian theology from Paulinism to the present in an ethical frame of reference, Professor Westermarck devotes the larger part of the book to a treatment of traditional Christian attitudes toward specific moral problems, including chapters on asceticism, the sacraments, the regard for human life, economics, slavery, the regard for truth, marriage, divorce, irregular sex relations, and the regard for lower animals. Thorough documentation of historical fact in all cases supports the conclusion that throughout its history Christianity, so far from encouraging moral development, has actually impeded it. Christianity has in particular, though this point receives no more emphasis than any other, so impaired the spirit of truth that if science developed in Christian countries it was in spite of rather than because of Christianity.

Never before has such preëminent scholarship combined with such astounding erudition to confound the moral apologists of Christianity. This book attains so vital a significance that no one who contemplates a study of any aspect of the entire field of ethics, of comparative religion, of the history of Christian theology, or of the sociology of law and custom can fail to consult it and bring his project to satisfactory completion. One can predict without a tremor that this latest contribution of Edward Westermarck, like its predecessors, will become a classic in its field.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 282)

R. L. STEVENSON:
"TALK AND TALKERS"

Talk is fluid, tentative, continually in further search and progress. . . . Last and chief, while literature, gagged with linsey-woolsey, can only deal with a fraction of the life of man, talk goes fancy-free and may call a spade a spade.

Victorian Critics

LESLIE STEPHEN AND MATTHEW ARNOLD AS CRITICS OF WORDSWORTH. By John Dover Wilson. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan). 1939. 59 *pp.* $1.00.

Reviewed by LIONEL TRILLING

WHEN Mr. Dover Wilson, in this year's Leslie Stephen Lecture at Cambridge, pleads for Leslie Stephen's view of Wordsworth as against Matthew Arnold's, it is not his intention to claim for Stephen, whatever his virtues, an equality in critical genius with Arnold. But he does feel that Arnold's famous essay on Wordsworth, brilliantly suggestive as it is, does not do justice to Wordsworth's achievement. Arnold wrote when Wordsworth's reputation was sadly dimmed and he undertook to refurbish a great name. With his deep-rooted suspicion of all systematic philosophy, Arnold believed that Wordsworth's pretensions to a coherent system of thought were valueless in themselves and were standing as a barrier between readers of poetry and all that was truly great in his work. The remedy was simple: one had only to disregard Wordsworth's most ambitious poems and then one would see that there remained a body of verse of such emotional power as to entitle the poet to stand beside Milton and Shakespeare. In short, Arnold said, one had to take an exactly opposite line from the devout coterie of Wordsworthians. And from among the Wordsworthians Arnold singled out Leslie Stephen who had accepted the poet's own estimate of himself and who found in the work an organized and valuable philosophy.

There can be no doubt that Arnold's surgical essay did indeed revive Wordsworth's reputation, but it is probably not true, as Mr. Wilson believes, that Arnold influenced the whole subsequent course of Wordsworth criticism. Arnold's point of view, attractive as it is to the average reader, sacrifices far too much of the poet and has never been accepted by scholarly critics as anything like a definitive estimate. There is, therefore, a touch of supererogation in Mr. Wilson's plea to modern scholarship to follow Stephen rather than Arnold. But one can easily forgive this excess of zeal, for Mr. Wilson's lecture is a cogent reminder of the right direction.

Living with Savages

THE LONG JOURNEY TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HURONS. By Father Gabriel Sagard. Edited with Introduction and Notes by George M. Wrong. Toronto: The Champlain Society. 1939. 411 *pp.*

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

LIVING with the savages, as Father Sagard found when he came to New France in 1623, was anything but pleasant. It meant eating their *sagamité* or ill-cooked hominy out of filthy pots; sleeping on bare earth with a stone for pillow; suffering from "the stench that these dirty disagreeable fellows emit almost constantly;" watching women pick and eat lice from their children; and enduring constant hardships of heat and cold. Yet he found the Hurons kind, communicative, and in many of their customs interesting. He even admitted their ingenuity, serenity, and endurance. Father Sagard was himself a remarkable man, one of the learned and inquisitive Recollect friars whom Champlain encouraged to come out to Canada, who established their headquarters at Notre-Dame-des-Anges (Quebec), and who did so much to map and describe the country west of Montreal. These Recollects were pioneers in planting missions among the Huron Indians, the allies of the French against the Iroquois. Sagard, with two others, spent ten months of 1623-24 in teaching Christianity to the tribes, compiling a dictionary of Huron words, and taking notes of all that he observed.

Sagard's book falls into two parts. The first half gives an extraordinarily frank account of the Indians, shirking nothing in its descriptions of cruelty, cannibalism, sexual laxity, and repellent personal habits, and presenting many interesting details upon (to quote Sagard himself) "their religion and belief, their councils of war, and mode of torturing prisoners to death; how they contract marriages and bring up children; their physicians and the remedies used when they are ill; their dances and songs; . . . their mourning, weeping, and lamentations." The second part deals with the natural history of the country and with its scenery. It contains some especially interesting pages on the beaver and muskrat.

This volume, the twenty-fifth in the admirably edited series of the Champlain Society, completes a trilogy on the early history of French Canada; following Lescarbot's "History" and Champlain's "Works," in three and six volumes respectively. It is especially rich in editorial material. Dr. Wrong has supplied an introduction which is an admirable conspectus of French exploration in Canada, Dr. Victor H. Paltsits a bibliographical note, and Dr. Percy J. Robinson some matter on Sagard's Indian dictionary. The Champlain Society has again put scholars in its debt.

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Three Poets

INNER LANDSCAPE. By May Sarton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1939. 64 *pp.* $2.50.

LINES AT INTERSECTION. By Josephine Miles. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 58 *pp.* $1.60.

ALL IN ONE BREATH. By David Morton. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 57 *pp.* $1.50.

THE following excerpts, which I have not chosen at random, may very well stand for the books from which they are taken.

A: "You who ask peace, peace is not in your nature, / You cannot hope to rest, / Born as you were with that implacable creature / Rooted in your breast." — B: "What various hand has sown / This field, this hour, / Indigenous alike with stone / And trembling flower!" — C: "Let color tell the names to the cool millions / Milling down the walks, let them be told / Beer by blue, rails by red, rates by gold. / Let them be told and sold."

Exhibit A is from "Inner Landscape." Besides belonging to the Yoo-hoo School of verse (whose finest example in letters past or present is the hymn "How Firm a Foundation," with its heartening refrain "You who unto Jesus . . . "), this quatrain is rhythmically trite, heavy with dead language, uneasy in its imagery (the ambiguity of "rooted" taken with "creature") and marred by an Hibernicism of rhyme that has not been respectable since the time of Cowper. The faults of "Inner Landscape" are here in condensation. It is not only that the writing is flat, the diction usual: what really vitiates the book is a curious disregard of the implications of metaphor, a failure to perceive that figures may work at more than one level and that a surface effect is worse than useless if contradictory forces are contriving absurdity beneath the surface. The rooted "creature" (heart) above is a typical example. A clearer one, perhaps, is demonstrable in these lines from "The Vanquished:" "Do not think for an instant that I will bear your pity / Across my mouth like a soft January rain." Rain on the mouth. Rain-in-the-Face? If mercy can fall like the gentle dew, surely pity can be like January rain; it is the facial intrusion which spoils what might otherwise have been a conventionally respectable image. The writer's attention has never really been focussed, and as one reads the book one becomes increasingly aware of these snatched-at effects, these inefficient poeticisms. "Inner Landscape" is a disappointing performance.

Exhibit B is from David Morton's book of fifty tiny lyrics. "All in One Breath" succeeds precisely where Miss Sarton's work fails. It is far more limited in its scope than "Inner Landscape;" it does not pretend to be more than an exercise in miniature; but every one of the verses testifies to the scrupulous care that has gone into its composition; and while I shall be able to live happily if I never have to read another poem about a daffodil or a butterfly or (Heaven help us!) a tree, I must confess that Mr. Morton has done perfectly what he set out to do. And that, I take it, is a kind of poetic success.

Exhibit C is from "Lines at Intersection." Rhythmically and verbally I find the quatrain exciting. True, Wallace Stevens isn't very far away: you can hear him coughing gently in the prompter's box; but the verse has more than a derivative quality. It is perfectly clean, alive. The language has none of the shiftless uncertainty of "You who ask peace;" only the word "sold" is poised, and that works exactly in two ways. "Rails" is not wholly satisfactory: one suspects the guile of alliteration and the pull of the vowel in "rates," which is the precise word. However that may be, the writing has a tension that neither of the other exhibits displays, and it is this tension, vitalizing rhythm and diction alike, that lifts Miss Miles's work above poeticism into poetry. Her faults are evident enough: she strains too much, often; she can be inept to the point of solecism ("It is a day of nature to remember about." "Sir, do not refuse one's stranger companiment."); her echoes are sometimes so insistent that they become almost the original voice—compare "Redbird," for instance, with John Ransom's "Bells for John Whiteside's Daughter." But with all these flaws, "Lines for Intersection" is an original, vigorous book of poems. "If we had one more hat we should look like an army, / Prosper Prosper."

The Narcotic Trade

FLOWER OF JOY. By Hendrik DeLeeuw. New York: Lee Furman. 1939. 241 *pp.* $2.50.

THE international menace of narcotics has always been a highly controversial subject. Of recent years it has been widely used as a propaganda weapon, particularly in the Far East. In his present volume Mr. DeLeeuw deals impartially, if at times over-colorfully, with the actualities of the narcotic trade as he uncovered them on a tour of investigation around the world.

Many of the facts he unearthed will undoubtedly shock sentimental readers. His chapters on China and India, for example, dispel many of the current illusions about present responsibility for opium trade in Asia. Provocative, too, is his chapter linking the rise of narcotic use in Germany to the Nazi growth. There is much that is interesting in the book.

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The New Books

Biography

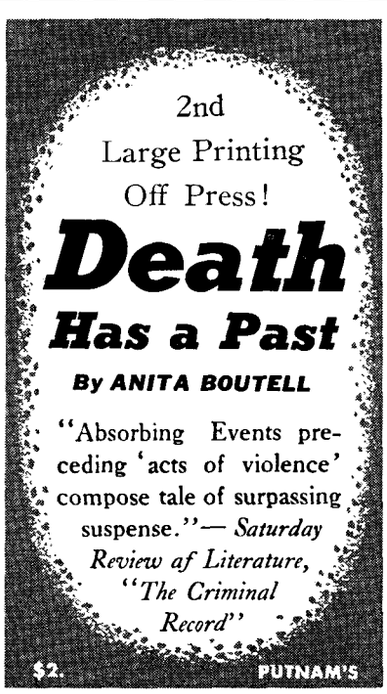
TAKE YOUR BIBLE IN YOUR HAND. The Life of William Henry Thomes. By George R. Stewart. San Francisco: The Colt Press. 1939.

Henry Thomes belonged to an escapist generation—that is, when health or prosperity or even love failed, its members saddled their figurative steeds and set off for a far country.

The first time Thomes went adventuring was in 1842. He signed aboard the ship *Admittance,* leaving Boston harbor on October 26th. He gave ill health as an excuse but other excuses were offered, later, by biographers. Since he had a gift for authorship, a book that has since become a classic, "On Land and Sea" resulted from his trip. The second time he traveled with companions under the name of the Boston and California Joint Stock Mining & Trading Company, whose plans were obvious, the "good, noble ship, *Edward Everett*" was the common carrier. A farewell sermon to the band of argonauts ended with the admonitions to fare forth with Bibles in hand to subdue the wilderness.

Thomes's third and last trip, aboard a vestibule train, the heaviest and longest that ever crossed the continent, was a voyage of rediscovery of the far country of his youth in the company of one hundred and forty-nine companions. Only one hundred and forty-eight returned, as General Chapin, one of the party, succumbed to the prodigious feasting which ensued.

These contrasting details of a adventuresome but not too hazardous life are ably set forth in a sketch by George R. Stewart. Not the least of the virtues of the book is that it is just long enough. C. C. D.



Fiction

ALL YOUR BORN DAYS. By Heath Bowman. Bobbs-Merrill. 1939. 348 *pp.* $2.50.

It is clear that Mr. Bowman has attempted to get the feel, the movement, and the direction of America's last thirty years into his story. This is a very large order; it calls for a novel at once intense and expansive, and for a novelist with greater powers than Mr. Bowman yet possesses. He does get his Alan Reed into a diversity of experiences: floundering through college, brief adventures in South America, Pennsylvania, Chicago, as rancher, rum-runner, engineer, financier, and of course amours and marriage. He has introduced also a number of characters intended to typify certain of the forces at war in America today—George Anderson, a middle of the road employer, Tom White, a leftist intellectual, and so forth. They do typify, in a listless pantomime at least once removed from life. The stuff and passion of earth are not here. Alan himself has all the vigor in the book. He blunders, learns, elbows his way about, asking the right questions but never formulating any of the right conjectures. It is an interesting story, if not as big as it was planned.

N. L. R.

IF WE ONLY HAD MONEY. By Lee Shippey. Houghton Mifflin. 1939. 277 *pp.* $2.

Except for its Hollywood setting, this moral—and, withal, agreeable—little tale, designed to show the corrosive effect of wealth upon the Sense of Values, might have been written in 1840. Richie and Evelyn Marlet, inching along on Richie's precarious earnings as a free-lance writer, are catapulted into the big money when Richie is taken on as scenarist by Arnold Dane, young Napoleon of the films. Need it be said that all the simple happiness they had known in their carefree poverty departs with insidious swiftness? Richie goes deeply into debt attempting to maintain the required Hollywood front; Evelyn nearly succumbs to the false and worldly charm of the handsome Ronnie Rowan; the children become spoiled

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER FROM THREE ANGLES *T. Russell Warren* (Lee Furman: $2.)	British businessman biffs blackmailer fatally. Friend helps hide body. Insp. McGuire cracks case but blind sleuth has final word.	Looks quite clear in opening chapters then clouds over, and bursts with first class surprise in unexpected but entirely logical finish.	Good!
WHO KILLED AUNT MAGGIE? *Medora Field* (Macmillan: $2.)	Strangler stops genealogical chatter of elderly Southern lady. Steel dart finishes another guest at Ga. mansion and Lieut. Gregory has his troubles.	Of self-solving variety—with plenty of spine-tingling goings-on before hostess-narrator literally falls into solution of tangled plot.	Commendable
THE BLUE LACQUER BOX *George F. Worts* (Kinsey: $2.)	Wm. Boone, mystery man at Manhasset mansion, accused of killing his valet. Blackmailing maid later slain making it more intrikkit.	Society melodrama, with romantic trimmings, wrongful and rightful heirs, glamorous background, plainly visible criminal and virtue finally triumphant.	Passable
CASUAL SLAUGHTERS *Virginia Hanson* (Crime Club: $2.)	Hijacking of chaplain starts train of strange and deadly events at U. S. army post. Adam Drew is major sleuth.	Capitally constructed plot, cheerful feminine narrator, love interest and double-barrelled ending that raises eyebrows to limit.	Distinguished
DEATH ON THE DOORMAT *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2.)	Enigmatic leading lady in Manhattan play finds corpse on stage doorstep. Sleuth Shannon reveals actress's stormy past and taps killer.	Trail of expatriate German nobility runs through Latin-American intrigues and sextuple N. Y. killing to explosive—and somehow unsatisfactory—windup.	Sanguinary
MURDER AND MORE MURDER *William Roughead* (Sheridan House: $2.50)	"Further gleanings" reprinted from earlier works of great Scottish authority on crime.	Seven celebrated English and Scottish crimes described with wit, penetration, and plentiful detail—also many dull spots.	For connoisseurs

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little snobs, and, as the old saying has it, the breath of scandal threatens to destroy the life they have builded together. Worst of all, in the heady excitement of their success, they forget all about dear old Uncle Frank who, having come to their rescue many times in the past, has appealed to them for money, and the poor old man commits suicide. Then their little girl is kidnaped—but this is enough to show the way the eternal verities get kicked around when wealth comes in at the door. And so, dear young people, take warning from Richie and Evelyn and like them turn down that fifteen hundred a week if it means living a life of sham; you want to develop the best that is in you, don't you?

H. C.

SHE KNEW THREE BROTHERS. By Margaret Widdemer. Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. 304 *pp.* $2.

Margaret Widdemer's new novel typifies the general escapist attitude toward fiction. Its heroine, a lovely, carefree redhead, finds her life directed in turn by each of three perfectly charming brothers. One is a suave New York and Hollywood lady-killer. She discovers his weakness, and turns to the next, a stern missionary whom she finds in a jungle in South America. When he fails her she goes back to the third, and perfect one, who lives in one of those quiet, soul-resting New England towns which turn up so often in this type of novel. The three or four sub-plots of the book make it more subtle and intricate than the main plot would indicate. Altogether, it is light but not bad reading. Miss Widdemer's beautiful choice of words betrays her origin as a poet, but we would like to see them put to a more significant use.

K. W. S.

RETURN TO DUST. By Alice Lent Covert. Kinsey. 1939. 204 *pp.* $2.50.

A novel about life in the Oklahoma dust-bowl which scores a moderate triumph in spite of all the technical errors a new novelist could commit. The characterization is right out of the movies. There is noble self-sacrifice by a husband who fears he is going to the dogs and wants his wife to get away from it all; noble self-sacrifice by the wife who will not leave, and more of the same by the man who loves the wife in a pure exalted manner. There is a constant parade of cliché incidents, each indicating what the next turn in the story will be. By the time one of the ladies at the relief sewing station (for example) mentions that little Ronnie looks sickly, the reader can be pretty certain little Ronnie is being measured for a pair of wings. There are incidents that have no relation to the story, and essaylets on the cause of the dust-plague dragged in as editorials in the local paper. The ending is syrupy-sweet.

One would think this enough to drag down any book; yet "Return to Dust" is not dragged down. For if Miss Covert's eye for character is faulty, her ear for speech is phenomenally keen. The incidents reported from life, even some of those invented, are illumined by her ability to grasp the interrelation of character and incident, to follow the emotional pattern of many types of minds. To this excellent piece of equipment she adds a considerable economy of words; and the combination sets before the reader a picture of men and women under dust more eloquent than a dozen elaborate reports in *Fortune*. What is more important to the reader, there is not a dull moment in the book, in spite of the irritating knowledge of what will happen next. It would make a popular movie and probably will.

F. P.

International

WAR WITHOUT VIOLENCE: A STUDY OF GANDHI'S METHOD AND ITS ACCOMPLISHMENT. By Krishnalal Shridharani. Harcourt, Brace. 1939. 351 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Few American newspapers and books have dealt with India since the Round Table conferences of 1930-32, when Mahatma Gandhi visited London and confronted the rulers of empire. Mr. Shridharani, a young Indian scholar at Columbia University, has produced a treatise that is therefore doubly welcome, as it reminds us of the vast problems as yet unsolved in that country and provides the first sociological study of the Gandhi program—Satyagraha, or "non-violent direct action." While there have been numerous volumes about Indian nationalism and civil disobedience, especially those by C. F. Andrews and Gandhi himself, this is the first to provide a "scientific" analysis of the Satyagraha movement in the light of Indian tradition and in comparison with Western thought.

Mr. Shridharani writes from personal experience of the spiritual leadership given to the independence campaigns of Mahatma Gandhi, certainly the only twentieth century politician who approaches sainthood. He discusses the Satyagraha program, ranging from negotiation and arbitration to establishment of a substitute government, and describes in detail the many triumphs of the Gandhi movement. The secret of success lies in its dual nature: negative, through passive resistance, refusal to pay taxes, willing submission to torture, imprisonment, and massacre; positive, through personal "purification" by fasting and prayer, friendly contact with the opponent, and social reform. Gandhi has simultaneously used the first to weaken British power, and the second to undermine the Hindu caste system.

Although Mr. Shridharani argues effectively that Satyagraha is a practical technique for the Western world, he acknowledges the importance of certain special factors in India: the enforced disarmament of the population, a folklore and religious tradition of non-violence, and an incredibly brave and sagacious leader. One is left wondering, despite a persuasive preface by Oswald Garrison Villard, whether such moral idealism can at this late date conquer the heritage of violence in either Europe or North America.

J. F. G.

WHY MEDDLE IN EUROPE? By Boake Carter. McBride. 1939. 208 *pp.* $2.

Mr. Carter, a loud and belligerent isolationist, here marshals an imposing array of facts and figures on why we should remain aloof from a second World War. In his opening chapters he elaborates on just what World War

(*Continued on page* 21)

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Saturday Reviewers

BASIL DAVENPORT

He is a case example for those who maintain that brilliant people distinguish themselves while young—even years ago he could make a superb mint julep; and while he was at Yale, his translation of Rostand's "L'Aiglon" was accepted for publication by the Yale University Press. The class plays of his freshmen and senior years were his translations—Aristophanes's "The Frogs" (with friends) and Aeschylus's "Oresteia."

Mr. Davenport graduated in 1916, when he was twenty-one. He spent two years at Oxford, where he acquired his B. A. The University has since notified him that his M. A. degree can be sent to America for a cost of five pounds; but he hopes to go to England to save the expense.

He received an assignment from Rutgers University to teach public speaking, of which he knew little. But when he arrived, he was asked if he could teach Latin. He could, and did. During his teaching period, Mr. Davenport started writing book criticism. And in 1936 he joined the staff of The Book-of-the-Month Club as an advisory reader—a position he still holds.

His critical acuteness has been applied in *The Saturday Review* to Latin translations, to books with Biblical backgrounds, to novels, and to nonfiction books in general.

But the advertising business lost an excellent man in him. He once wrote a classified advertisement for an almost bankrupt summer hotel. The advertising pulled so well that it was continued and, eventually, the hotel had to build a new wing to accommodate the additional guests.

Mr. Davenport is unmarried, and lives in New York City. He spends his summer vacations with his family at Pemaquid Point, Maine.

His mind and speech travel at such cyclone speed that the cerebral hesitancies which happen in all reasoned expression seem almost not to occur. His swift and thorough reviewing in the *SRL* will lead you to many pleasurable reading hours and keep your book budget from going out of bounds. (Trial subscription offer: fourteen weeks for one dollar.)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW of LITERATURE
420 Madison Avenue New York City

Checklist of Romans A Clef

BY EARLE F. WALBRIDGE

ON the historic occasion in January when a novel appeared prefaced by a blunt declaration that "All the characters in this book are drawn from real life," it seemed time once again to take stock of the current *roman à clef situation.* In other words, Novelist Bites Dog, and news is made.

The list that follows supplements the lists published by the *Saturday Review of Literature* in the summer of 1935, and the consolidated lists in the first section of "Literary Characters Drawn from Life" compiled by the oversigned and published by the H. W. Wilson Company of New York in the spring of 1936. Amplifications or corrections of attributions of characters made there, which have appeared in books or periodicals since the book was published, are also included.

Life makes advances, to echo the title of Madeleine Boyd's novel, mentioned in the first paragraph, and life offers the raw material which the writer transforms into the new pattern which constitutes an original work of fiction, in the words of the author of "What People Said." Mr. William L. White "has not attempted or intended a portrait of any actual person, living or dead, and readers will be mistaken in making any such identification." Charles Aldington Carrough, editor of the Athena (Oklarada) *Sun* was "a national figure, a Progressive, a Western idealist, and a friend of Theodore Roosevelt in his trust-busting days." He is not to be confused with any possible prototype in real life, such as William Allen White, editor of the Emporia, Kansas, *Gazette.*

The essential difference between the *roman à clef* (a novel which employs characters based on actual persons, but under different names) and the straightforward historical novel, is illustrated usefully in the varying treatments of the famous Praslin murder of 1847 given in two novels of the past seven years. In Miss Rachel Field's painstaking full-length portrait of her great-aunt, Mrs. Henry Field (*née* Henriette Deluzy). "All This, and Heaven Too," the governess—who was an innocent protagonist in the case—figures, of course, under her own name. In the pseudonymous Mr. Joseph Shearing's "Lucile Cléry: A Woman of Intrigue," of seven years ago, the central *cause célèbre* is the same, but the names of the participants have been altered. What Miss Field has gained in immediacy, she has lost to Shearing in piquancy, and her romanticized version of the Duc does not seem altogether to square with history. Her infatuation of her noble hero, in fact, is more than a little remindful of the manner in which Miss Dorothy Sayers has recently gone overboard after Lord Peter Wimsey.

Now for the checklist.

ADAMS, HENRY. "Democracy."

"Also a note from Henry Holt offering to dramatize *Democracy!* I thought my old—five-and-twenty-year old—sins were long dead and buried; but they rise like Mrs. Bigelow Lawrence who will die convinced that she was meant as the heroine of that scandalous work. I saw it in her eye at Bayreuth. It would be fun for her to see herself on the stage."—*Henry Adams to Elizabeth Cameron, August 21, 1901,* in "Letters of Henry Adams 1892-1918." (Houghton Mifflin, 1938).

"In the spring of 1879 Henry Adams sent me the manuscript of that work, with a view to its publication and with the most strenuous injunctions regarding secrecy of its authorship. Adams's reasons for keeping the authorship secret were not so much that he feared knowledge of it might visit unpopularity on him: for he cared as little for that as any man I ever knew; but because some of the characters were carefully drawn from prominent living persons who were his friends, and some of these he touched humorously and ironically . . . Part of the portraits of the women were attributed to Mrs. Adams, but her husband told me that he really had not depended upon her for anything but an occasional description of a costume for a woman."—*Henry Holt,* Publisher's Foreword to the edition published in July, 1925.

ALCOTT, LOUISA MAY. "Eight Cousins."

"Louisa's sister May was her inspiration for 'Eight Cousins.' She drew upon her two favorite iconoclasts, Dr. Rimmer and Theodore Parker, for the character of Uncle Alec. Through him she expressed her social theories."—*Katharine Anthony,* "Louisa May Alcott." (Knopf, 1937).

—"Little Women."

"Professor Bhaer was probably Dr. William Rimmer, a noted man and famous physician."—*Ibid.*

BAKER, DOROTHY. "Young Man With a Horn."

Based on the life and career of Leon Bismarck ("Bix") Beiderbecke, who died in 1931 at the age of twenty-seven. He was first trumpeter in Paul Whiteman's band, and greatest of white trumpeters, although he actually played cornet, according to *Life* for August 8, 1938.

BARRIE, JAMES MATTHEW. "Sentimental Tommy."

"The only child of the [W. E.] Henleys was their daughter Margaret, born ten years after their marriage. She died in 1894, at the age of five and a half. She seems to have been a rare spirit, adored by her parents and

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their friends. (Barrie immortalized her as Reddy in 'Sentimental Tommy,' and as Wendy in 'Peter Pan'."—*Miriam Allen deFord* in "British Authors of the Nineteenth Century." (H. W. Wilson, 1936).

BEMELMANS, LUDWIG. "Life Class."

Otto Brauhaus seems to be Albert Keller of the Ritz; Victor, Theodore Titze of the same hotel.

CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH. The Father Brown Stories.

"When a writer invents a character for the purposes of fiction, especially of light or fanciful fiction, he fits him out with all sorts of features meant to be effective in that setting and against that background. He may have taken, and probably has taken, a hint from a human being. But he will not hesitate to alter the human being, especially in externals, because he is not thinking of a portrait but of a picture. In Father Brown, it was the chief feature to be featureless. The point of him was to appear pointless, and one might say that his conspicuous quality was not being conspicuous. His commonplace exterior was meant to contrast with his unsuspected vigilance and intelligence; and that being so, of course, I made his appearance shabby and shapeless, his face round and expressionless, his manners clumsy, and so on. At the same time, I did take some of his inner intellectual qualities from my friend, Father John O'Connor of Bradford, who has not, as a matter of fact, any of these external qualities . . . My Father Brown was deliberately described as a Suffolk dumpling from East Anglia. That, and the rest of his description, was a deliberate disguise for the purpose of detective fiction. But for all that, there is a very real sense in which Father O'Connor was the intellectual inspiration of these stories; and of much more important things as well."—"The Autobiography of G. K. Chesterton." New York: Sheed & Ward, 1936.

"Father O'Connor is now Monsignor O'Connor, and he tells us also that he has long since given up the flat hat—'it was wrong for my style of architecture.' In 'Father Brown on Chesterton' (London: Muller, 5s.) he sets out in discursive, affectionate, and individual style the whole story of his long friendship with Chesterton, and incidentally makes it clear that his mind, humorous, penetrating, at once mystical and matter-of-fact, bears a close resemblance to that of the fictitious Father Brown."—*John Brophy in John o'London's Weekly,* Oct. 8, 1937.

DANE, CLEMENCE, *pseud.* (Winifred Ashton). "Broome Stages."

"Dear Dick, But for your conviction, expressed cautiously but with irritating frequency, that a play about the Plantagenets was really a novel about the Broomes, this book would not have been written."—The author's dedication. The House of Plantagenet reigned in England from 1154 to 1399.

DELAFIELD, E. M., *pseud.* "The Diary of a Provincial Lady."

"'The Provincial Lady' was never intended as a self-portrait, except in so far as we all resemble one another very much more than vanity would care to suppose. Robert was intended to represent the average English husband, and judging from any comment ever made about him he did so. Robin and Vicky were mild likenesses of my own two children as they were at that date—seven years ago [1930]. Mademoiselle, whom everybody assured me must have been taken from real life, was on the contrary a composite portrait of at least three French governesses, all of them dating back to my own childhood. Most of the Provincial Lady's friends and neighbors were types, rather than portraits, but intimate friends, such as Rose, Mary Kellway, and Felicity Fairmead, appeared by permission. Felicity, in particular, provided a great deal of material, and most of the remarks attributed to her prototype she actually made—with more charm and naïveté than one could ever hope to reproduce. . . . The holiday tutor — Casabianca — was a sketch of a mild little man whom I once knew in a similar capacity. Rose was a composite character, derived from two friends. Pamela Pringle was an exaggerated version of an extremely pretty girl whom I met when she and I were both under twenty."—*E. M. Delafield,* in "Titles to Fame", edited by D. Kilham Roberts. (London: Nelson, 1937.)

DU MAURIER, GEORGE. "Peter Ibbetson."

"The story is fictitious, of course . . . but the old yellow house is there, with the gallery, and the green shutters; and Louis-Mathurin sings through those first pages as the beau Pasquier, and Ellen plays her harp as Madame, though Kicky [Du Maurier] has disguised her, with the gentle hand of a dutiful son, as a beautiful young woman with ringlets."—*Daphne Du Maurier,* "The Du Mauriers."

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 19)

No. 1 cost the United States, and recounts bitterly the villification that became America's lot when attempts were made to collect on the war debts. Unfortunately, Mr. Carter allows his at times fanatical hatred for the New Deal to lead him into such extravagant passages that the fundamentals of his subject are sadly neglected.

The volume, in short, might be called a book-length editorial, aimed at the tone-deaf masses.

J. H. S.

GERMANY RAMPANT: A STUDY IN ECONOMIC MILITARISM. By Ernest Hamblock. Carrick & Evans. 1939. 297 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

One of the most interesting historical studies that appeared in 1938, worthy of greater public notice than it received, was a volume entitled "Germany and England: Background of Conflict, 1848-1894." Its author, Professor Raymond J. Sontag of Princeton, painstakingly analyzed the origin and development of a mutual misunderstanding which culminated in the World War. Professor Sontag, allowing a multitude of psychological differences and petty annoyances to speak for themselves, showed how difficult it is for the Germans and the English to converse in the same political and economic language. His excellent narrative concluded that "the statesmen of England and Germany negotiated, and still negotiate in a room darkened by misunderstanding and haunted by the ghosts of men and actions long past."

Here is a perfect example of this conflict, written in the English camp. Mr. Hamblock, who has long been a member of the British consular service in many parts of the world, presents us with an English interpretation of the Reich that might well have come from a shelf of World War literature. Every German defect is dished up once again, and every German who ever praised war or advocated world domination is quoted *in extenso.* Hitler is merely the logical successor of the Hohenzollerns, for the German character is forever grounded in barbarism, militarism, and romanticism. Mr. Hamblock, never distinguishing between individual Germans, consistently lumps them all together as a hopelessly undesirable species.

Despite a wealth of detail and a noteworthy condensation of history, Mr. Hamblock's book really adds very little to our knowledge of contemporary Germany. It certainly offers no solution for the Anglo-German conflict—except, presumably, a European war every few decades. In the event of another European war, however, we shall probably be deluged by similar treatises on the Huns, who will be

NOTICE

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carefully catalogued, in accordance with one chapter in this treatise, "from Arminius to Hitler."

J. F. G.

Miscellaneous

ACROSS THE UNKNOWN. BY Stewart Edward White and Harwood White. Dutton. 1939. 336 *pp.* $2.50.

An erstwhile novelist here joins his brother on an expedition across the frontiers of consciousness. The present effort follows "The Betty Book," published earlier by the senior author, and attempts to carry further his spiritualistic experiences. The senior author himself, the medium Betty, whom one discovers to be his wife, and "The Invisibles" comprise the cast of characters and the book takes the form of a transcription of their occult adventures. Undistinguished by any but a homely prose, the authors seem determined to "energize" and, accordingly, to Westernize the occultism of the East. No one can question the utter sincerity of the authors and perhaps this is as good an introduction to psychic phenomena as any other. On the other hand, persons having no patience with any form of mysticism and lacking all desire to transplant consciousness outside the body will believe that now both of the White brothers are writing fiction.

R. B.

Man Behind The Bombs

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MY ENTIRE living expenses under dollar day. Enchanting island near mainland. Writer's colony. Ideal yearly climate. Dollar brings details. Box 420-D.

WILL RELIABLE NURSE desirous of going southwest write Box 421-D.

PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER, good, wholesome meals. Intelligent, resourceful. Drives car. Box 422-D.

SEVERAL TEACHERS, unmarried, languages, science, mathematics, commercial, music, home economics, dramatics, wanted at College for room, board, no salary. Salary second year. Send recommendations, unreturnable photograph. Box 423-D.

PUBLISHER WANTED, royalty basis, for children's verses illustrated. Julian Fahy, 904 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT. Will purchase any material other than books by him. A. Artinian, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York.

ARIZONA RANCH LIFE with comforts. Climate, scenery unsurpassed. Excellent meals, riding, music, privacy. Plenty copy around. $100.00 monthly. Or rent separate Mexican complete housekeeping cottages. Modern picturesque. $40.00 and $55.00 monthly. No T.Bs. Mimi Agatin Abbott, Curly Horse Ranch, Sonoita, Arizona.

FOR RENT: Spacious 8 room house completely furnished. 3 bed rooms, 3 bath rooms, maid's quarters. 3 acres garden and fruit trees in Montecito. Mountain view. Ideal for sabbatical holiday. Near good schools, beach. Moderate terms for minimum 6-month lease. Agents: Ogilvie and Gilbert, Santa Barbara.

YOUNG TUTOR, accredited teacher, desires position. Mark Naidis, 1400 N. Orange Drive, Hollywood, California.

FIFTY MINUTES from New York. Spacious furnished apartment near station. Large grounds, steam heat, hot water, electric refrigerator, gas range. Box 112, Glenbrook, Conn.

WANTED: WORK—impecunious young man needing additional income would work week-ends. Experience: accountant, cashier, office work. Box 425-D.

BUSINESS WOMAN'S apartment available daily for writer, instructor. Convenient. Box 424-D.

Double-Crostics: No. 283

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

			1-L		2-K	3-D	4-E	5-G	6-X	7-B	8-R	9-W	10-M	11-C	
12-W	13-I	14-Q	15-A	16-D	17-E	18-F	19-U	20-M		21-C	22-V		23-D	24-J	25-L
26-I	27-E	28-L	29-N	30-Q	31-H		32-J	33-B		34-J		35-Y	36-A	37-H	38-G	39-X
	40-W	41-F	42-K	43-A	44-E	45-I	46-D	47-R		48-B	49-J		50-T		51-F	52-Y
53-D	54-T	55-E	56-O		57-R	58-S	59-C	60-T		61-C	62-J	63-N		64-K	65-T	66-B
67-C		68-H	69-L	70-P	71-G	72-Y		73-W	74-H	75-S	76-O		77-C	78-L	79-V	
80-G	81-V	82-T	83-C		84-I	85-E	86-F	87-Q	88-O	89-P	90-Y	91-D	92-X	93-M	94-S	
95-K	96-E	97-O	98-R	99-G		100-B	101-A		102-P	103-U	104-T		105-K	106-G	107-A	108-J
	109-W	110-C	111-L	112-N		113-G	114-H	115-I	116-R	117-A		118-U	119-B		120-H	121-T
122-Y	123-I	124-R	125-D	126-P	127-C		128-Q	129-X	130-S	131-B	132-C		133-A	134-L	135-B	
136-Y	137-T	138-H	139-J	140-F	141-P		142-V	143-T	144-J	145-F		146-D	147-P	148-H	149-X	150-N
	151-W	152-T	153-F	154-D	155-I	156-M	157-E	158-X		159-W	160-B	161-Y	162-F	163-P	164-Q	
165-I	166-U	167-A	168-V		169-G	170-J	171-S		172-P	173-F	174-V	175-X	176-D			

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Nobel prize winner for literature, 1903.

B. Mirthless.

C. Given name of Gautama Buddha.

D. In a state of tense sensibility (comp.)

E. Peculiar things.

F. Character in "The Taming of the Shrew."

G. Water thrown back by oars.

H. Christ wearing crown of thorns (2 wds.) (John XIX. 5.)

I. Sweepings.

J. Inhabitants of fertile oasis in Sinkiang (China.)

K. Rendered less oppressive.

L. Satirical tale by Voltaire (made into comic opera.)

M. Irish Gaelic.

N. Siberian movable tent.

O. Upper stratum of earth.

P. Character in "A Winter's Tale."

Q. Destroy by disintegration.

R. Pacific Coast edible clam.

S. Shower of meteors from the "Great Bear" radiant.

T. Comedy by Dryden adapted from Plautus and Molière.

U. American playwright (1892-—.)

V. Historical English "flitch" of bacon.

W. Stamp (vb.)

X. God who avenged unrequited love (Gr.)

Y. State of belonging to the present.

WORDS

133	15	36	107	101	117	167	43		
100	119	33	131	160	135	48	7	66	
67	22	11	127	61	77	132	59	83	110
154	3	146	176	125	23	53	16	46	91
85	17	44	157	96	27	55	4		
153	140	41	86	162	51	145	18	173	
80	38	5	99	113	106	71	169		
148	68	120	31	74	114	37	138		
13	45	26	84	115	155	165	123		
139	24	32	144	34	49	62	108	170	
64	42	95	105	2					
69	1	111	28	25	78	134			
10	93	156	20						
112	29	63	150						
76	97	56	88						
102	163	147	172	89	70	141	126		
14	30	128	164	87					
47	57	8	116	124	98				
75	171	94	58	130					
50	152	137	60	143	82	104	65	121	54
166	118	19	103						
79	174	22	168	81	142				
159	109	12	9	151	40	73			
149	39	175	92	129	6	158			
122	52	35	90	72	136	161			

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

WE called on Mr. Phillip Duschnes, bookseller, to see how he was passing the hot weather, and found he had amused himself by putting the world's most expensive and cheapest modern editions of Shakespeare side by side in a glass case. One was the volumes so far ready of the noble Bruce Rogers folio Shakespeare (Limited Editions Club), the other was Bob De Graff's lively little Pocket Books edition. ☞Another interesting discovery at Mr. Duschnes' shop was a pamphlet of T. E. Lawrence's little known notes on Flecker (James Elroy). We were amused at the picture of Flecker, when vice consul at Beyrout, beguiling the tedium of his office with a file of *La Vie Parisienne* on the desk. ☞We were sorry to have to admit to Captain Felix Riesenberg—whose notable *Cape Horn* will be published by Dodd Mead at the September equinox, that we had never read Captain Marryatt's description of the clubhauling of the *Diomede,* in *Peter Simple.* ☞Another sea book for which we have a hankering is *Delilah,* by Marcus Goodrich, now gradually assembling at Farrar and Rinehart's office in the form of corrected galleys. This is one of the few modern adult novels about the U. S. Navy that have come our way.

☞Some years ago a friend of ours, a courageous soul, went into the importation of Passion Fruit Juice, which used to make grand cocktails, but we haven't heard of it lately. ☞We ourself once considered starting a traffic in ginger beer, our favorite hot weather drink; but the American public still prefers its drinks more sweet and sticky. ☞The Dial Press will publish in October a new edition of *A Portfolio of Paintings* by Georgia O'Keeffe. There will be twelve reproductions of Miss O'Keeffe's paintings, printed in from 14 to 17 colors, with an introduction by James W. Lane. The original edition sold for $50; this new one will be priced $15. ☞Charley McLean of Pettibone McLean, Inc., Dayton, Ohio, tells us that his charming sister Anne McLean, known and admired by many bookmen, is retiring from bookselling to join a dress shop in Dayton. The homage and good wishes of all the trade will accompany Miss McLean in her new work; and her brother suggests he can save her trouble by having the comelier customers measured for their fall clothes in his bookshop. ☞It is good news to hear again from our old friend Richard Schneider, Chicago's most literary waiter, who is back again at Schlogl's, 37 North Wells Street and resumes filling up that famous autograph album which has been signed by so many travelling scribes. ☞Another old mandarin who deserves a holiday or a palm leaf fan or something is Mr. Don Gordon of the American News Co., who celebrates this month ten consecutive years of his monthly bulletin which so shrewdly assesses the immediate commercial chances of the current titles. In that decade Mr. Gordon says he has annotated nearly 25,000 volumes in something like 780,000 words. His average is 39 words per book, and he says a good deal in those 39. Old Q. wishes him many more decades of a a a reading, which is the News Company's classification. It means: a good renter, a good seller, and essential for all public libraries. ☞Our request to Dr. John Haynes Holmes to send us a postcard listing his summer reading has brought from him the following notes which Old Quercus hastens to pass on to his readers:

Novels:

Scott's "Redgauntlet"—one of the greatest of the Waverleys, and one of the least read.

Wells's "The Holy Terror"—some of the same, only not so good.

Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath"—an epic!

Golding's "Mr. Emmanuel"—a superb combination of Sherlock Holmes, Mr. Chips, and Adolf Hitler.

Histories:

Beards' "America in Midpassage"—an overloaded chronicle, with religion left out.

Wedgwood, "The Thirty Years War"—nothing worth fighting for, and now we're doing it all over again!

Biographies:

Van Doren, "Benjamin Franklin"—what a man!

McConnell, "John Wesley"—what a man!!

Marcuse, "Loyola"—what a man!!!

Poetry:

Shakespeare, "Measure For Measure"—if Katherine Cornell and Maurice Evans produce this, as announced, they're sunk!

Byron, "Don Juan"—a miracle of improvisation.

Millay, "Huntsman, What Quarry?"—still our greatest poet.

Poteat, "Centurian"—a narrative poem, unnoticed, but lovely.

Miscellaneous:

Emerson—always at hand.

Maugham, "Tellers of Tales"—good, but should have been better.

Scudder, "The Privilege of Age"—wise and charming essays.

Holmes, "The Rhyme of Reason"—a wise and witty book in logic.

Cooper, "Designs in Scarlet"—a horror tale which happens to be true.

St. Exupery, "Wind, Sand, and Stars"—a classic in the new literature of the air which will some day match the old literature of the sea.

Well, that's enough! Too much?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

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